# THE COMMONWEAL

***A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.***

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# PEACE AT HOME

IT IS worth while isolating from current news details which cohere so admirably as do the following: Senator Heflin, continuing to read into the Congressional Record letters commending him for his attitude toward Mexico was opposed by Senator Bruce of Maryland, who averred that he could read many "highly abusive and scurrilous letters" written to him as a result of his frank condemnation of bigotry. The Rabbi Stephen Wise, addressing a New York audience, remarked that "America is the most illiberal and intolerant of the great countries of the world," not merely because of its indifference to problems of a social or economic character, but also because here "there exists a passion for uniformity" which makes community existence between members of varying creeds impossible. In Indiana, the uniformed sages of bigotry have again proposed legislation aimed to promote the extinction of teaching nuns. Other matters of the same sort might be mentioned, almost endlessly, but enough has been said to stress a very obvious point.

On the opposite side of the balance sheet might be placed the recent activities of the International Good Will Congress, the report of whose convention proceedings in Pittsburgh during November of last year is only now available. This congress grouped representatives of all faiths during three days given over to a consideration of the ways in which educated public opinion might root out the sources of ruinous dissension and ultimately prevent the outbreak of war. It was addressed by a member of the Catholic hierarchy and by a representative Catholic layman; it listened also, of course, to prominent Protestants and Jews. And though one should not like to go on record as approving everything that was said at the congress, it is pleasant to repeat the words of its president: "We know that friendship between nations, a drawing together for a friendly world, in which war shall ultimately be unthinkable, is straight in line with the will of God." That is certainly true. But one might come back to the old thought of charity as a fireside institution and wonder when various sporadic efforts to destroy intolerance within the nation will become unified and successful.

Now in a recent contribution to the Atlantic Monthly, Miss Agnes Repplier makes a nice distinction. "A great deal that passes for intolerance today has little to do with religion," she says. "Who can believe that distaste for Judaism as a creed is, or has ever been, the motive power of anti-Semitic agitation? This irrational conceit has survived because both


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Christians and Jews have preferred, for reasons of their own, to cherish it. What is called religious antagonism in the United States is largely political antagonism, based solidly and securely upon the affiliation of religious groups with governmental measures." Her conclusion, then, appears to be that talk of eliminating "intolerance" ought to be talk of eliminating its actual sources, rather than a series of vague appeals for "uniformity of creed" and "abolition of dogma."

One may concur with this view with reservations. The Catholic realizes, for instance, that if he could once convince his fellow-citizens that the Papacy does not seek to control the government of the United States, and that no subterranean diplomacy is being conducted to place Mr. Coolidge at the mercy of the Sacred Congregation, an important source of misunderstanding and suspicion would have been removed. He knows that the reason for this illogical and, to his mind, extremely ridiculous feeling is based upon a lingering historical memory of intrigue centering round the fight to disestablish Puritanism in England. Then the point was really an identification of the Catholic cause and the government in the person of King James. It is queer but true that people who know nothing of that historical episode, and who could not be induced by any reward to go into it again, cling to the flavor of the thing with that tenacity which distinguishes only popular tradition. Nevertheless, one cannot but see that the whole trouble does not lie there. Its roots are bound up with other memories and other inherited prejudices—sometimes even with strange beliefs akin to dread of witchcraft and spells, which reappear constantly. And perhaps the recrudescence is fostered by social conditions which are part of the American scene, and which really cannot easily be avoided, at least within our time.

The last supposition is brought to one's attention, incidentally, by Mr. Douglass' 1,000 City Churches, a book written to chronicle "phases of Protestant church adaptation to urban environment," and reviewed briefly elsewhere in this issue. In it one finds, we believe, many a pertinent hint toward an understanding of the sectarian problem in the United States and many a reference to enormous difficulties of a financial or social character. Two matters which seem of exceptional importance will be isolated here. The first is the plight of the old, socially elect church established in a town that is suddenly inundated with factory workers. These move into the less fashionable houses, soon swamp the entire residential district, and leave the dignified "American" church stranded and lame. Small wonder that the official consciousness of this church should now revive all the spectres of the past! The Catholic immigrant—or under other circumstances, the Jewish or Russian immigrant—is cursed roundly for reasons which have nothing to do with religion, but which are inevitably summarized by the convenient symbol of religion. If you look through Mr. Douglass' book and discover how many such churches there are, it is easy to conclude that one genuine source of intolerance is visualized right there.

This situation has the great advantage of being temporary. America has been established long enough to make us see the ease with which newcomers are assimilated, but not long enough to make any "old stock" really very old or dominant. There is another source which seems far more dangerous because it is derived from the very nature of unrestrained religious feeling and because it seems to be increasing. It is the church which stands apart from all ecclesiastical organization, which avowedly makes war on ecclesiastical organization. A rented building, a row of chairs, a more or less frenzied "miracle worker" on the platform—this is about all the equipment necessary. Mr. Douglass offers a graphic description of one such establishment. The speaker outlined an apocalyptic vision of Divine wrath, "illustrated by a series of detached, forceful scriptures beginning with Lot in Sodom." At the end there was this uncompromising declaration: "All preachers are liars. Noah was called a calamity howler and scorned, as are the prophets of today." This sample of widely used devices for arousing emotion through an appeal to fear is comic but dangerous. It is so nearly on a level with a great group of uneducated minds, which for the most part unconsciously seek to be jolted into religion through a kind of thrill, that it normally can and does inspire deep resentment of other beliefs. Within its grasp are all the essentials of Mohammed's fierce campaign.

One thing becomes quite clear as we confront these phenomena. Apart from all matters of spiritual or religious culture, the duty incumbent upon organized Christianity to dispel intolerance in so far as is possible remains a most necessary national task. The three things we have mentioned—political practice, social adjustment, the curbing of sporadic outbursts of warlike feeling—will be regulated when all who are able to do so, set their energies to the creation of a liberal civilization in the United States. On behalf of the Catholic it may be said that one of the greatest treasures of his tradition is the fact that representatives of his faith, settling in Maryland, were the first to proclaim the virtue of charity—which they called "toleration"—a civic rule. He believes that his group convictions and emotions have never interfered with the salutary progress or defense of his country; and he is now, as ever, ready to believe that the majority of his fellow-citizens view him with amity and value his coöperation in the effort to realize the common good. But that there are disturbing influences and individuals willing to capitalize upon these is a fact which cannot be disregarded, and upon the permanence or passing of which depends that beneficent condition which is "peace at home." For precisely this reason it is important to let no opportunity pass which will promote fairness, understanding, and community interest. That agencies prepared to seize such opportunities should be supported, goes without saying.

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# THE COMMONWEAL

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## WEEK BY WEEK

THE Mexican problem was once more emphasized by the sudden, simple entry of Bishop Diaz into the United States. Before retiring into that silence which he had said would characterize his stay among us, the Bishop reiterated those statements which have been the slogans of Catholic opinion from the beginning of the crisis—that nobody wants the United States to intervene on behalf of religious liberty; that the struggle will be decided by right and not by force; and that Mexican social and moral problems must be settled by Mexicans themselves. It is consoling to note that the clouds which have befogged public opinion right along—clouds created by fear, by imagination, by inability to grasp the nature of Catholic standards—are being dissipated. We observe that the New York World has at length admitted editorially that the case for the Church is clear and pacific. We believe that other organs will follow suit. Meanwhile, it is important that the abiding situation should not be lost sight of. Persecution and unjust dictatorship exist in Mexico; and barrels of propaganda will not succeed in hiding this fact, any more than they have proved able to veil the sublime picture of martyrdom with grotesque shadows of revolution or economic ambition. When we all realize, we the people of the United States, what is really going on south of the Rio Grande, we shall no more refrain from finding a humane, charitable redress of those ills than we desisted from aiding the victims of Armenian massacre or the starving poor of Russia. The problem is oil on troubled waters—not the troubled waters of oil.

IT WILL, in all probability, take a long time for American "liberals" to get the drift of affairs. The New York Nation editorial on Catholic opinion about Mexico, commented upon recently in these columns, attracted considerable attention. Many diocesan organs took occasion to point out the blunder basic to the editorial—which was the writer's ignorance of the expression of Catholic thought on the subject, in particular of the bishops' pastoral letter. On the other hand, the Christian Century went out of its way to endorse The Nation's point of view by saying, "the Protestant expression in favor of peace has not been balanced by any similar expression emanating from Catholic sources." Mr. Villard's paper, for its part, returns to the fray in the issue of February 9, with an account of protests received, a cursory mention of the pastoral letter, and a carefully sustained aroma of doubting suspicion. From all of these varied facts, two conclusions may be drawn. First, when the editors of the Christian Century carefully scan the horizon for Catholic opinion, they take a strange and rather significant short-cut to The Nation. Where else, indeed, would they be likely to find the convictions of their 20,000,000 Catholic fellow-citizens so clearly and ably summarized? By comparison, the Catholic hierarchy is of no importance, and Catholic spokesmen are without standing. Second, the question asked in these columns, "Is the Mexican program of tyranny, its suppression of the privileges of conscience, right or wrong?" has been left unanswered in so far as The Nation and numerous subsidiary groups are concerned. Further comment on both conclusions would waste time and ruin the effect.

THE papal condemnation of l'Action Française came as the logical conclusion to a number of rapidly successive incidents. Cardinal Andrieux of Bordeaux wrote a letter drawing attention to the pagan principles of Charles Maurras, and counseling the faithful to seek another leader; the Vatican formally commended this letter; several Royalist sympathizers, notably the prominent philosopher, Jacques Maritain, sought to indicate ways in which Catholics might establish their own organizations, to be supervised by chaplains, inside the realm of l'Action Française; and finally, the official organ of the movement printed an article entitled Non Possumus in response to the papal opinion discountenancing the sale of the paper at church doors or to the clergy. As a consequence, the prohibitory mandate of the Congregation of the Index must be laid to the same dogged resolve to hew a straight line and avoid every compromise which has, unfortunately enough, characterized a great share of French Royalist activity. It is difficult to see how the movement, which was supported largely by funds donated by wealthy and poor Catholics, can survive. The bishops of the nation, at first inclined to attempt steering a middle course and promoting conciliation,

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have now all sharply rebuked the belligerence of Maurras and his followers. While realizing the justice and necessity of the Church's action, one is free to sympathize with many whose long years of effort on behalf of a program which seemed right to them, have now proved wasted. It is also quite necessary to see that the Vatican, in pointing out the errors of Maurras, did not identify itself with carping critics of a great man—critics who have looked for a heresy under every stone, and have manifested that curious lack of charity which, to an outsider at least, seems the dominant fault of Catholic opinion in contemporary France.

THE program announced for the World Conference on Faith and Order, to meet at Lausanne, Switzerland, during eighteen days following August 3, is commendable in every respect. One reads with pleasure that "this conference desires to call all Christian people to deeper penitence with regard to the disunion of the churches, and to greater and more definite efforts toward the unity of Christendom"; that the Christian program sees "in the centre of the Gospel, Jesus Christ Himself, Son of God and Son of man, who through His life, His death, and His resurrection, has redeemed mankind"; and that the organizers of the conference agree that "the questions which concern the necessity of a central authority for the whole of Christendom, are of the utmost importance." It is particularly worthy of note that the problems to which attention is to be paid at Lausanne are essentially dogmatic and religious in character, the whole field of applied morals (of which such matters as world peace are a part) being relegated to a position of secondary importance. In view of the fact that the Holy See has warmly praised this modern effort to stimulate the vitality of Christendom, Catholics everywhere will join in wishing it well and in praying for its success.

FOR the first time in twenty years, a railway wage dispute has been settled by mediation. The settlement by which 31,000 firemen and enginemen, on fifty-nine eastern roads, received a flat increase of 7 and one-half percent, is the second reached under the provisions of the Watson-Parker Railway Labor Act of last May; but the first, by which 90,000 conductors and trainmen of the same lines obtained a similar increase, was arrived at by arbitration, after mediation had failed. That both representatives of the firemen's union and of the railroads, which are called upon to add $5,000,000 annually to their payrolls, should have praised the work of G. Wallace W. Hangar, of the Federal Board of Mediation, and that Mr. Hangar was able to report that both sides had been reasonable and business-like and had discussed matters without heat, is encouraging to all who believe that there are ways of settling labor disputes other than by resort to the bitterness and the economic waste of the strike. Gradually but inevitably, reasonable men are learning that the immortal document of Leo XIII was an eminently practical pronouncement, as well as a counsel of perfection in the form of a great moral message to mankind.

IT IS interesting to observe that Mr. Henry Ford's billions, which have once again engrossed public opinion, are a reward for aid in solving the transportation problem. In an earlier day, great American fortunes came largely from similar sources—either the development of shipping or the building of railroads. The vastness of the traffic system established in the United States, as well as the rapidity with which it has been solved, suggest a parallel with imperial Rome. One always senses, when tramping down some firm European highway first paved by the Caesars, that the basic recipe for Roman greatness was a practical realization of how necessary it is to get somewhere easily and quickly. Perhaps some historian may yet decide that the fundamental reason why the later Christian empire was always a makeshift that could not maintain itself in the face of nationalistic aspirations, was indifference to transportation. A phrase from the liturgy, which asks the faithful to pray for "peregrinantibus redditum" (which means the return of those who have crossed the fields) seems to suggest the limitations and difficulties of voyaging in the early Christian ages. But no doubt many persons then felt a kinship of mind with the later Pascal, who advised sitting quietly in a room as an antidote for human ills. It may indeed be true that an adequate solution of the difficulties surrounding social centralization will not remove all the troubles, or satisfy all the desires, of that other very important centre of human activity which is the individual human person.

TO RETURN to Mr. Ford, is it not already evident that the social effects of the automotive industry are far different from those which had been prophesied? Of course, good people did predict that the swiftly moving car would open various avenues to loose morals, and may fairly lay claim to a certain prophetic sense. But really, flirtations have always upset the balance of mankind; and, if the criminal can get away faster in an automobile, he can also be more swiftly pursued. A far more important point lies in the fact that Mr. Ford and his peers have steadily been modifying and determining the American relation to nature. When the first little red phaeton went chugging down the road, it was heralded as a boon to rural America. It would, so people affirmed, broaden the life and vision of the countryside; it would bring the city to the husbandman's very door; and incidentally it would solve the economic problems of harvesting and milk-delivery. None of these things has come true. Instead, the farmer boy has migrated to town in order to help make automobiles, and his sister has been moved to covet the dainty clothes and powder-puff of the city stenographer. Verily, the only exodus countryward which has

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been fostered by the automobile takes place regularly on Sundays, in which the "four million" proceed through clouds of dust and smoke to varied picnic grounds. Though all of this may not be evil, it is nevertheless a problematic good.

MANY implications of the matter have been realized by Mr. Ford himself. Obviously, it is one thing to walk through the plant in which this master of organized mankind has expressed the world's most tremendous notion of monotony, and another to listen tranquilly to his fireside theories. Even so, there is value in the theory, and it is, after all, only part of the evidence which proves Mr. Ford sincerely interested in the welfare of his fellows as well as in abstract problems of culture. We shall quote without further comment two passages from My Life and Work: "Wherever it is possible, a policy of decentralization ought to be adopted. We need, instead of mammoth flour mills, a multitude of smaller mills distributed through all the sections where grain is grown. Wherever it is possible, the section that produces the raw material ought to produce also the finished product. . . . This is not a revolutionary plea. This is the way we did things before we fell into the habit of carting everything around a few thousand miles, and adding the cartage to the consumer's bill." We had said there would be no further comment—but the last sentence comes back, doesn't it, to the same old problem of transportation.

WHATEVER may be the outcome of the various efforts being made to purify the stage, there are certain aspects of the present agitation in New York that are distinctly encouraging to all who seek improvement of conditions by sane and unsensational methods. In the first place, the issue is not confused; all parties to the controversy—producers, managers, actors, legislators, law officers, police officials, and the general public—are agreed that a situation exists which calls for correction. Secondly, all of those concerned appear genuinely anxious, not merely to abate a nuisance, but to abolish it by establishing new standards and providing for their perpetuation. That the producers and playwrights should have sought the leadership of one who typifies and embodies culture, discrimination, and high ideals as does Winthrop Ames, is evidence of good faith and happy augury of coöperation that should result in a real "clean-up." That both the District-Attorney and the Police Commissioner waste little time discussing experiments of the past which failed to stop the flood of indecency, but set themselves resolutely to find new means of punishing those responsible, strengthens the belief that this combined effort will bring results of more than transient value. Even the action of State Senator Abraham Greenberg, in introducing a censorship bill in the legislature, is a contribution to the common cause, in that it makes more imperative and more immediate the necessity for agreement on a plan which shall render state supervision inexpedient if not superfluous.

BUT most encouraging of all, is the interest manifested by the general public. The barometers of this interest are the daily newspapers. The amount of space given to this subject by every one of the great New York dailies indicates that it is "the story of the day." Letters to the editors show that, in giving an unusual amount of space to the movement for a cleaner stage, they have correctly gauged news values. Moreover, these letters are all of one tenor; they demand that the fight against lewdness which has been started shall be carried to a finish. Taking into consideration all of these conditions, there is every reason to hope for an early solution of the problem and one which, being based on a real desire by the parties concerned for what is practical as well as what is decent, shall hold promise of permanency.

FRANKER criticism than one usually gets is conveyed by a paper on the movies contributed to The Dial, by Ralph Block, who as editor-in-chief of the Paramount Studio, ought to know something about the subject. He is a profound admirer of the film as an artistic instrument, but feels that nobody to date has realized its possibilities. "American directors," he remarks, "have always mistaken cruelty on the one hand, and sentimental realism on the other, for irony. Satisfaction for the sadistic hunger of the crowd is present in almost all popular entertainment." The judgment is uncompromising, but cannot well be dissented from. But if one bears in mind the genesis of the movies—the development of the response they made to the people who were interested in them—one is relatively astonished to see how willing directors have been to attempt rising above "what the crowd wants." It is hard to believe that the advance would not have been more significant and illustrious had art, rather than excitement or sentimentality, been in demand. The cinema industry seems to suffer from too direct an application of democratic standards. A great musician like Bruckner could go on writing magnificent symphonies in spite of the indifference of everybody else, because time and the necessary instruments were at his disposal. The movie director, however, cannot afford to experiment without bearing some limitations in mind. Great sums of money, invested by people who want to be sure of its return, must be safeguarded by conformity with popular demand. Motion-picture art is, therefore, surprisingly modern in the sense that it may try to be other things, but must be commercial.

THE news of the reception into the Catholic Church of the Duke of Marlborough may be said to close a controversial episode of unusual prominence and import. That public opinion about the action of the Rota

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has changed, may be due in some measure to the resolute defense offered by skilled Catholic spokesmen, but must be attributed in the first instance to the circumstance that the facts in the case really precluded controversy. Because he received the Duke of Marlborough into the Church and had for some time previous been familiar with the entire situation, the Reverend C. C. Martindale is eminently well qualified to discuss the affair, as he does in this issue of The Commonweal. Father Martindale is himself a convert and —for this reason, perhaps—has more than the usual Englishman's flare for logic. It is helpful to review a matter when the stage of public calm has been attained, for the reason that one sees again, and very clearly, how easy it is to arouse clamor and how little good can be accomplished by raising it.

IT IS enough to make the blood of every 100 percent Nordic patriot boil to consider what some of the utterly unassimilable from countries with strange names, are doing to steal a portion of that American heritage which belongs to him, and is his exclusively by divine right. Even the children have got into it now. Here, for instance, is Dora Martin, sixteen years old, who came with her mother from Costa Rica two years ago, unable to speak a word of English, forcing her way into the position of honor as valedictorian of her class at Public School Number 54, at Amsterdam Avenue and 104 Street, New York. Her case was similar to that of Jasper K. Elmer, who came from Yugoslavia two years ago entirely ignorant of the English language and who, ten days before Dora was graduated, appeared as valedictorian of his class in a public school at Reading, Pennsylvania. Such a situation in this land of golden opportunity—for selected immigrants only—is little short of a scandal.

MANY and marvelous are the explanations given for the general lowering of moral standards in America, but to Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, a recognized authority on diet and cooking, must be awarded the palm for a revelation of causes which is both definite and succinct. Speaking recently at a dinner of the League of American Pen Women, she declared it was the mistake of the ministers of religion if they did not realize that morality depended on the right use being made of the right foods. This opens up many new fields for investigation and for speculation. For instance, what relationship can be established between the country church supper, and the rise of the Ku Klux Klan? What evidence exists that Judge Ben Lindsey supped every night on Welsh rarebit, fried oysters, and mince pie while preparing The Revolt of Modern Youth? What dishes are served at the luncheons of a certain board dedicated to moral reform and staunch supporter of poisoned liquor and government speakeasies? It looks like the only way the ministers are going to be helped out of a hole is by the adoption of another constitutional amendment, with a food schedule attached.

THE passing of the Empire Theatre in London, which visiting Americans will remember as a landmark of lighter entertainment, and at which few American vaudeville artists of the higher-paid class have not performed, need not cause much regret, though a New York Times correspondent tries to steep it in the glamour of the past by informing us that the theatre "coincides with Dundreary whiskers, horsehair sofas, and peg-top trousers." The Empire coincided with nothing of the sort. It was opened in the late 'eighties, as a home for ballet of an intricate and often very beautiful order, and sensational gymnastic "turns." Its legitimate attractions, however, paled before the renown of its famous "promenade," whose reputation, carried to the ends of the earth, made it a household word in African jungles, Chinese treaty-ports, Indian cantonments, the Australian bush—in a word, wherever the British flag flew or English was spoken. Those who care to know what thoughts a man who is at once a literary artist, a philosopher, and a believer, can carry away from such a place, are referred to certain pages in Mr. Compton Mackenzie's Carnival for an adequate description of the Empire promenade. Sometimes it seems that the house's name was no accident, and that its existence at the heart of the imperial city, with its promenade, sleek, secret, and horrible, during the heyday of imperialism which lasted roughly from the first jubilee until the great war let light and air in upon it, was no unfit by-product of imperialism itself. To someone busy making the near past seem venerable, or decrepit anyway, we offer the suggestion.

## PUBLISHERS AND PELF

THAT Lytton Strachey as an intimate historian should be followed by an army of imitators of a distinctly lower order of talent, was perhaps inevitable. The temptation to "easy money" for writers whose equipment and sense of discrimination were about equal to their sense of decency, was obvious. But the alarmingly sinister feature of the court disclosures in connection with The Whispering Gallery, and Portraits and Criticisms is that publishers of standing should have been found not only to accept these volumes of *malicious libels and unsupported suggestion of scandal*, but to assist in the perpetration of fraud. For example, when Allen Lane, the head of an old and justly famous publishing concern, was under cross-examination in the Pearson case, he testified that he considered he had only told "a harmless little lie" in order to push the circulation of The Whispering Gallery when he wrote in a newspaper advertisement that he could vouch for the authenticity of the book. This "harmless little lie" gave authority to the rumor that a distinguished diplomat, Sir Rennell Rodd, was the author. A jury decided that Pearson was not guilty of obtaining money under false pretenses in selling his screed and he goes free; meanwhile, Sir Rennell, as he complains in a let-

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ter to the London Times, has had his reputation smirched and is completely deprived of all means of redress.

But if the case of Sir Rennell Rodd is to be deplored, what shall be said of the situation of the Gladstone family, brought about by the readiness of a publishing house to produce for money-making purposes a volume in which the vilest accusations are made against the character of one of the greatest of British prime ministers because somebody had told somebody else who had told the author that such charges were true? It is significant that in opening the case in court for Captain Peter Wright, the author of Portraits and Criticisms, his counsel admitted that in the judgment of his biographers and those with whom he was brought into closest relationship, William Ewart Gladstone was a man of the highest moral character. "But Captain Wright thought otherwise," he continued, "and I am sure the jury will feel that Captain Wright at least was convinced his opinion was correct." When Wright himself took the stand and began to support his "opinion" by telling what he had "always understood" and what someone had told him had been told by someone else, the judge was moved to remark: "I always understood that a man educated at the bar knew something of the laws of evidence, but I am beginning to doubt it."

Yet this astounding lack of evidence to support the scandalous charges made against a great public servant does not appear to have troubled the publishers in the slightest degree. They released the book and it was with difficulty that Viscount Gladstone and his brother were able to bring the author into court to disclose the utter lack of confirmation for the abominable charges.

That a verdict against Captain Wright speedily followed was, of course, to be expected, but it can hardly have brought real solace to the Gladstone family, the innocent victims of mercenary publishing.

## OLD YOUNG AMERICA

THE youngest of the great nations, and the most progressive, according to curent material standards, is "run" by old men. This is the conclusion to be drawn from a survey of the executive control of leading business and industrial organizations in the United States, made in the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce of the University of Pennsylvania. The results of the survey, announced recently, indicate that sixty years is about the average age of those who guide the largest enterprises in the fields of constructive effort which are most distinctive of America, and which therefore make the most exacting demands upon the wisdom, initiative, and general powers of those who direct them.

But it is fair to ask in this connection who is old now and whether the time has not come for a realignment of the popular view on the question of the border-land between maximum and declining efficiency. When the average duration of human life was thirty-three years not so long ago, a man engaged in a productive occupation might have been said to be old at forty. Indeed, no further than a few generations back, men were considered to be at least elderly when they reached that age. By the beginning of the present century, the average age of the people who died had ascended to forty-nine years and the average for those who died in 1925 was fifty-five years.

Thus one who was beginning to get old at forty when he had exceeded the average span by seven years, cannot be said to begin to get old now until he is sixty-two or more. As it must be conceded that the judgment and poise which ripe experience brings are of great value when conjoined with a continuation of the vital powers, as in a normally healthy person, those whose angle of observation has predisposed them to consider men becoming useless at forty must not consider them becoming useless until sixty-two in this year of grace.

It is related that a newspaper owner, now dead, once entered with his general manager the office of a paper which he had just acquired and, pointing to one of the staff, asked: "Who is that man?" Upon receiving an answer, he commanded: "Discharge him. He is too old." A little later another man attracted his attention and, after the same inquiry as to identity, he ordered: "Discharge him. He is too young." The imperious master who was issuing these decrees was past sixty at the time.

The problems of everyone who aspires to climb the steep hill of promotion in any vocation are, first, to obtain a fundamental equipment, educational or otherwise; second, to acquire a sufficient experience of life to test out his equipment; third, to achieve recognition of his powers; and, fourth, to translate this recognition into actual preferment. Some will require a disproportionately long or short time for one stage of this process, some for another. In any event, it is clear that unless we become so standardized as a people that we are mere machines, the total duration of these processes will vary widely.

Besides, there is every sign that the average duration of life will keep on advancing, since science appears to be only on the threshold of the greater discoveries which will hold the principal bodily diseases at bay. If a man is not relatively older now at sixty than he used to be at forty, it may be that in a few generations more the limit will be pushed up to seventy, eighty or beyond. One may close the eyes and imagine a picture of an American industrial captain a half-century hence, who has a fancy for imposing arbitrary age distinctions, saying to his principal sub-captain: "John, we are allowing useless timber to accumulate in our establishment. I want you to go down the line and quietly advise some of our numerous centenarians that they are nearing the retirement age."

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# MUSING ON THE MARLBOROUGHS

By C. C. MARTINDALE

THE smoke-screens having by now been dissipated, the sea can be discerned as calm, though some wreckage strews the shores, and some jelly-fish lie there rapidly decomposing. It is, in fact, possible to reckon things up a little, and the conclusion of our reckoning is that good has been done. "Wait, wait, wait," we invariably said to those who wrote anxiously from London, from Cardiff, from Stuffby-Near-the-Puddle, either crying that nothing else was being talked of—that people were saying: "It can't be fun to be a Catholic just now"; or shouting, "Rome has joined with the Bolsheviks to give the coup de grâce to marriage." No one now is being begged to cable the facts to New Zealand, to Australia, to Canada.

As a matter of fact, it is now seen that, supposing it had been a preconcerted plan (which it was not) to allow everyone first to put both feet most thoroughly into falsehood, and then having inch by inch to extricate them, it would have been a prudent plan, though slightly cynical.

Within a day or two, people were feeling sorry that they had announced that a duke had bought a nullity decree from Rome. A few categorical statements to the effect that no duke had either obtained or even asked for a decree of any sort, followed up by a solicitors' letter, muzzled those mouths. I take it that the Dean of Ripon himself felt awkward over his mention of Rome's "opportunism." People reminded him none too kindly of the origin of the Anglican episcopate: of the Archbishop of Canterbury's recent remarks concerning birth control, which amounted to a statement that when the occasion warranted the use of it, the use of it was warrantable: of the queer sort of opportunism displayed by a papal court that, apparently in order to salve the conscience of one French gentleman, the only Catholic in the case, engineered all this uproar. The Dean of Ripon did, in fact, offer a fair display of what he sneered at, since he seized the opportunity of making his remarks, provided by a conference at which his remarks could not be discussed. Anyway, the papers dropped the topic of ducal influence at the Vatican like a hot coal.

That a principle was involved became clear in about a week. I reminded one paper (which loyally printed my letter) that some time ago one of the most eminent barristers of the kingdom congratulated me on the "broad-mindedness" of the present Pope, alleging certain marriage cases in which he had been involved. I said: "There is here no room for broad- or narrow-mindedness. Such cases involve a principle, and evidence. If you reflect, you will see that the decisions always first invoked a principle." He did reflect, and agreed that it had always been so. The principle in the recent case is most certainly now clear: it is, that coercion prevents contract. If you deny it, you have to assert the opposite—that it does not. In that case, we have to assert that a woman can be married off, willy-nilly, much in the same manner as cattle can be disposed of by their owners.

It was interesting to watch the recognition of this principle dawning throughout the press. Along with the clear publication of this principle went, of course, the statement of other principles which underlie the "impediments" to valid or licit marriage, laid down by canon law. Anglican dignitaries began to rake up cases where the impediment had caused unhappiness or had been invoked by unworthy persons, and at once other cases were forthcoming in which the civil law was seen as doing the same thing—as in what concerned domicile—and having the same or similar results in this or that instance. This entire topic was in its turn therefore dropped, but not before the whole nature of impediments had become far better known than probably it ever had been, far more reasonably approved of, and duly recognized in the case under discussion. Moreover, the impediment due to coercion was recognized as wholly on the side of marriage and its sanctity, and the humanity as well as the common sense of Rome was admitted by surprised persons to whom the thought had never occurred that rigid adherence to law was here in the interests of kindness to weak nature.

However, till the evidence was published, people had a fairly good time. Sentimental ministers talked of the "radiant bride," and Sunday papers invented whole interviews with various ladies in which the bliss of the New York wedding was extolled. Personally, I considered myself to have known for a long time the adducible evidence, and was wondering how much of it had actually been adduced, or could, or would, be sworn to. Then the Acta Apostolicae Sedis appeared, and letters of apology began to find their way into the press, though I cannot pretend that my country's papers gave one-hundredth part of the prominence to the evidence (in ignorance of which it had done all its talking hitherto) that it gave to the verdict. Anyway, the evidence was varied, corroborative, and overwhelming.

So the only chance a critic has now, is to assert that all the witnesses, not one of whom is a Catholic, entered into a conspiracy of perjury, so as to force the hand of a Catholic court, sworn to give verdict according to sworn evidence. Why any Protestant should derive satisfaction from such a suggestion, I cannot imagine. Moreover, the only rebuttal takes the form

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of recollections of the bride's "radiance." People at the wedding, says Bishop Manning in his message read in church, saw no signs that Miss Vanderbilt was acting under compulsion. What did they expect? A scene in the church? If there had been duress, it "ought," says the Bishop, to have been proclaimed at once after the marriage, and the marriage repudiated. Very likely it ought. But do you see a girl of seventeen, and a duke of but little more, fresh from the miles of roses over which the press had waxed pathetic, announcing to the world at large that their alliance was a fake?

I take it that if a girl is forced into marriage, she makes the best of the situation, especially as she is not likely to know or even care much about legal impediments to contracts. It "seems," continues the Bishop, less guardedly than he fancies, that the plea of forced consent occurred to no one till thirty-one years after the marriage. "Less guardedly," I say, since if he has read the evidence and not merely who knows what synopsis in who knows what paper, he can see that the fact of forced consent was made known within a week or two, and in my opinion within a day or two, of the ceremony. Why, then, did not the Duchess use this plea when suing for divorce? Assuming that she knew the plea could be lodged, still, why should she use it? Why should she use a plea that would humiliate her, when she had what was necessary to get her freedom and marry M. Balsan, by humiliating the Duke?

Bishop Manning says it is a "scandal" that a woman of middle age should be willing to swear that her parents sold her for worldly gain. I think this remark is a slip, for it merely supports a "hush, hush" policy. What he means is, that it is a scandal that parents should sell a girl for a coronet, and so it is; and what woman would proclaim it to the world, when she need not? The Bishop goes on to say that the whole proceeding is a discredit to the "Christian church" and has done more than any event for some years to weaken the sanctity of marriage. That is all very possible. But the discredit has been done, not by the nullity decree, but by the original scandal in New York.

But I see that Bishop Manning makes considerable play with the idea of Vatican interference with American liberties. Unwarrantable intrusion! Impertinence! Assumption of jurisdiction! Let religious liberty be uncompromisingly defended. "This incident is a sharp reminder to those who love freedom, of the importance of maintaining complete separation of Church and state."

Frankly, we are puzzled. It is only if Church and state are not separate that a decision made by the former could perhaps clash awkwardly with a decision made by the courts of the latter. If the two are separate, presumably decisions made by each remain side by side, without touching. A marriage can then be ecclesiastically null, while civilly valid, and none can quarrel. That is just Rome's attitude in marriage cases. In the case that is under discussion here, she says:

"I have no business whatsoever with the laws of the United States aside from my duty of urging all American citizens to obey them provided they do not conflict with conscience. My business is to answer someone who asks me if a coerced marriage is a valid marriage. I answer, 'Of course not.' She proceeds to swear to evidence proving that her own alliance was coerced. 'Very well,' I reply. 'According to my principles (which are those of all decent, nay, civilized men) your seeming marriage was not a real one. From my point of view, you are now free to marry. If they have you up for bigamy or anything else according to your country's laws, I cannot help that. You must look after yourself so far as that angle of the matter goes.' "

Yes, yes, insists the Bishop. "But we do so hate Rome—'a foreign court'—so much as having an opinion about anything we have done. Pronouncing a marriage null that was celebrated in my diocese, along with two bishops and a rector of my communion!" Well, suppose that Russia, shall we say, announces that a man can have two wives, and makes this law. Suppose a girl, forced into marriage, by Russian law, with a man who is already married, then escapes to America, falls in love with an American citizen, and asks the Bishop's opinion as to whether she is free to marry him? What will he say? "Alas, my dear! Heaven forbid that I should unwarrantably intrude! I cannot, indeed I cannot, be guilty of such impertinence. I am but a foreigner from the Russian point of view and national liberties must not be infringed." No, he will not say that. He will say: "My dear, you are as free as the air from our point of view. Carry on." And suppose he hears that Russia declares his "plea" of monogamy to be "unreal"—his decision "preposterous"—his verdict a grave blow dealt to wise national methods for populating the country rapidly and well? What will he say? "These Bolsheviks!" And quite right, too.

I think, then, I can safely say that in England it is now recognized that neither position nor money bought anything from Rome; that the principle involved in the recent decree is one admitted by all courts, and by all decent men; that the evidence can only be attacked by one who is prepared to assert that a number of Protestants conspired to commit perjury and thus forced the hand of two Catholic courts; that the decision involves no comment on any national civil law whatsoever; that the Catholic Church is not deviating a hair's breadth from principles that should be known to all educated men; that she is making no special enactment, but applying to a given case rules that concern the making of any valid contract; and that honor, justice, and mercy here have gone hand in hand with homage duly rendered to a sacrament.

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# THE FIRST CHURCH IN MARYLAND

By MARGARET B. DOWNING

OMNIUM urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput," grandly displayed on the basilica of Saint John Lateran, are words to inspire the most sluggish imagination and to revivify the weakest flame of faith. But if "omnium in Statibus Fœderatis ecclesiarum mater et caput" could be written on a shrine within the confines of the original states, what an imposing religious and historical monument would then be created and what flood-gates of zeal and fervor would be set free!

No holier spot exists in Maryland, the first asylum which Catholics found in the British dominions of North America, than the summit of the loftiest hills above St. Mary's river. It was here the pilgrims landing from the Ark and the Dove on March 25, 1634, gathered under a venerable oak and assisted at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass with Reverend Andrew White as celebrant. For nearly two hundred years the plow and harrow have turned the sod where St. Mary's City was and "the oak of the treaty," as it was called because the Indians signed all agreements under it, crumbled into dust fully three-quarters of a century ago. The manor homes of the Jesuits—founded under the same plantation conditions then demanded of the laymen of Governor George Calvert's entourage—might, after Lord Baltimore's charter had been revoked, claim to have been somewhat as the Catacombs were during the Roman persecution or the hidden chapels in the penal days in England. Their owners were the spiritual shepherds and their chapels the solace of the persecuted and scattered flock. In the most emphatic sense, they played a noble part during the evil days when the unscrupulous used religious prejudice to foment civil strife. In the annual letters which the missioners wrote their English superiors, there are many entries that during such years, no fathers were in Maryland; at such times, they found refuge in Virginia and at infrequent intervals came forth to perform their ministerial duties.

But shrines attached to Jesuit manors, Saint Thomas's, Saint Inigoes, Bohemia Manor, Whitmarsh and several others could not, in the strict historical sense, be classed with parish churches, since they were clerical residences and logically would have a chapel as a professional necessity, as a lawyer would have his library or a physician his instruments. These Jesuit chapels were freely at the disposition of Catholics within the "Hundreds" and of the countryside until the abhorrent law proclaimed by William and Mary in 1692, as "an act to prevent the spread of Popery within the province." Sir Lionel Copley, the royal governor who deposed Charles Calvert, third Baron of Baltimore, enforced this act until Queen Anne intervened twelve years later and permitted priests to celebrate Mass in the private chapels of Catholic gentlemen. Such religious edifices as these come closer to the concept of a parochial foundation, and perhaps a proto-church may be found among them.

There was a chapel attached to the Boone home near Marlborough, now the county seat of Prince George County, Maryland. Tradition has it that John Carroll, the future primate of the Catholic Church in the United States, was baptized in this humble shrine. But the most courageous biographers of this illustrious churchman do not designate the spot where he received the first of the sacraments and for the reason that there exists no means of discovering this important detail. There are no records of the Boone chapel. A few references in the annual letters of the missioners and in some of the Boone family Bibles are the only documentary survivals. The Boones gave sons and daughters to keep the Faith alive in Maryland during the dark days, and their records are among the brilliant chapters of its history. Where the chapel stood no one knows, and the foundation-stone of the hospitable mansion of the Boones is sunken into a plowed field.

Charles Carroll the immigrant, also called the attorney-general, built a chapel adjoining his mansion on the Monocacy, about 1715; and his son, Charles the second—father of the signer—who had followed the world of fashion to Annapolis, had religious services in a small room attached to his home. In 1758, Mrs. Anne Rozier Young petitioned the Maryland legislature to divide her estate, Cerne Abbey Manor of the Potomac, between her two sons, Charles Carroll of Carrollburgh and Notley Young, and she petitioned that she be allowed to retain Mansion House as her home. The high bank on which this venerable mansion stood is now part of the park system of southwest Washington. Local engineers have determined that the tall chimney of the power-house which supplies the capitol and its affiliated buildings with heat and electricity, is approximately the spot whereon stood the chapel of Notley Young's home. On its small altar the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated for the first time within the corporate limits of what is now the city of Washington.

There are no records to prove this, but Father Thomas Digges of Melwood was the brother of Mrs. Notley Young and there are numerous family documents which tell that he had often come to minister to his sister's family and that the Catholics up and down the river had gathered for Holy Mass. Mrs. Anne Rozier Young's petition was filed in the Marlborough court-house in 1758 and her mansion was then a landmark on the river. Father Digges possibly be-

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gan his apostolic visits soon after his sister's marriage in 1751. After the death of his first wife, Notley Young married Mary Carroll, sister of the primate, Most Reverend John Carroll; and soon after Father Digges had been called to rest, the zealous priest of Saint John's, Rock Creek, added this mission to his parochial duties. Saint John's, now the parish church of Forest Glen, in Montgomery County, was founded by Father John Carroll in 1774, soon after his return to Maryland. Ecclesiastical orators have frequently described Saint John's as the "Bethlehem of the Catholic Church in the United States as surely as Baltimore is its Jerusalem"—a sonorous statement which is true only in its relation to John Carroll and the founding of the hierarchy.

About a quarter of a mile from the boundary between the District of Columbia and Prince George County, Maryland, stands the parish church of Langdon, Saint Francis de Sales. It was erected in 1907 on the exact spot on which stood for at least seventy-five years the colonial church of Saint Mary's, familiar to all historical writers as Queen's Chapel. In the documentary sense, Saint Mary's appears in the archdiocesan annals in 1793, when the edifice and the two acres surrounding it were devised by the will of the pious Richard Queen, "to my friend Right Reverend John Carroll, Bishop of Baltimore, his heirs and assigns forever, the remaining members of the Roman Catholic Church, two acres of land where the Roman Catholic chapel now stands, being part of a tract of land called the Enclosure." Bishop Carroll, in recognition of this bequest, a few years later named Queen's Chapel among the missions which must be attended regularly, first by the priests at Georgetown College and afterward from Saint Patrick's, the first parish church in Washington, D. C. Father de Grassi, superior of the Jesuits in 1806, again lists Saint Mary's to be attended from Georgetown College.

Its history, written in the regular way into the ecclesiastical archives of Baltimore, may be followed until the destruction by fire early in the nineteenth century. Like the ancient belfry of Bruges, this old shrine "was thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt." After the first accidental burning, it was reërected by Joseph Queen, son of the testator, Richard Queen. The Catholic gentry and their retainers, tenants, and slaves attended divine service there from 1805 until again it fell a victim to flames, this time to the incendiary torch of British soldiers in 1814, who, after the battle of Bladensburg, were marching on Washington. It was again rebuilt by one of the stalwart Catholic citizens of the federal district in its opening years, Nicholas Queen, son of Joseph. This Queen has written his name large in civic activities. He subscribed to the fund which Daniel Carroll of Duddington had collected from leading citizens of Washington to build a temporary home for the legislative bodies until the capitol, destroyed by the British, was rebuilt.

It might have been the well-established repute of the Queens as Catholics and Democrats which caused the third conflagration, about 1863, also of an incendiary nature and ascribed to Union troops who were marching to Fort Bunker Hill, now a part of the village of Brookland and one of the defenses of the capital. The Queens by this time had begun to disperse and already the grass was high in the graveyard. The old mansion was deserted and the grandsons of Nicholas were either engaged in commercial pursuits in the city, or had joined the tide of young manhood westward. So the Archbishop of Baltimore, whose property it was, did not rebuild the chapel, and in 1906 some members of the family, looking over old papers, concluded that, since it seemed useless for religious purposes, they could convert the site into building lots. These Queens were about to begin suit to regain title to the property when the will of Richard Queen was taken from the dust into which it had lain, was interpreted by learned counsel and the Church was reaffirmed in its rights. The late Cardinal Gibbons immediately began the erection of the picturesque church of Saint Francis de Sales, and Queen's Chapel again took a place among the parochial foundations.

Such is the documentary history, in the ecclesiastical sense, of Saint Mary's on the Queen manor grant which is now the central portion of the flourishing suburb of Langdon. But as Queen's Chapel was already in existence in 1773 when Samuel Queen the third made his will, and devised the mansion and its outhouses and the broad acres which are now covered by the suburbs of Brookland and Langdon, to Richard, his son, it is thus proven to be older than Saint John's, founded on Rock Creek by John Carroll in 1774, but a full thirteen years later than the chapel of Notley Young, attached to Mansion House on the Potomac. In the dingy archives of Marlborough is a faded land grant, dated May 12, 1687, the first which deals with titles to the tract, the Enclosure. It was made in favor of Ninian Beall, a Scotch Highlander, who figured most importantly in the earliest annals of the section of Maryland now under consideration. Ninian called his estate near Washington the Rock of Dumbarton, and on this splendid site overlooking the capital and its peaceful valleys, is now built the imposing Tudor Gothic convent of the Holy Cross, a branch of the foundation at South Bend, Indiana.

A son of John Knox and therefore of the elect of heaven, Ninian Beall was broad of mind and helpful of purse to less-favored mortals. He is on record as contributing to the Church of England established by law, and he was not unfriendly to his Catholic neighbors. Before the seventeenth century had reached its stormy end, he had sold to Richard Marsham the tract called the Enclosure. Richard Marsham was a distinguished figure in the days of Leonard Calvert and his successor as governor of Maryland, Charles, third Baron of Baltimore. He came originally from Kent

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and, previous to his purchase of the Enclosure from Ninian Beall, his estates fringed St. Mary's City, the old capital of Catholic Maryland. He married Governor Leonard Calvert's daughter, Anne, the widow of Henry Brent, son of Captain George Brent of Woodstock. George was the pioneer of the Virginia Brents, and his two grandsons, Robert and William, married the sisters of Archbishop Carroll. There were several children by this union of Richard Marsham and Anne Calvert Brent, but only the descendants of Katherine, who married Samuel Queen, concern this study.

Richard Marsham's pious will was filed in Marlborough on May 7, 1713, and his eldest grandson, Samuel Queen, is devised the mansion and 240 acres of the tract, the Enclosure. Naturally, after the triumph of the Protestant Revolution and the destruction of St. Mary's City, Marsham had departed from this section and his purchase in a newer and more retired part of the province, where so many Catholic families had acquired land, was to found a new home. He was near Marlborough and not far from the Carroll estates on the Monocacy, whilst the younger Carroll branch, descended from Daniel, second son of the immigrant, were established in what is now the greater part of the capital city, Cerne Abbey Manor. No doubt he followed the precedent of the times and when he built his home he erected also a chapel and it was this property which the second Samuel Queen mentioned in Maryland annals inherited in 1713. The first Queen came from Surrey in 1685 and acquired a manor in St. Mary's County and there he died in 1711. Three Samuels presided over the home of Richard Marsham, long known as the Queen mansion, and the last, dying in 1773, left the manor house and chapel to his son, Richard, who was to continue the traditions so nobly and to make the famous will of April 25, 1793, under which the Church now holds title.

If some other colonial shrine can show greater continuity as a private chapel and parish church than this venerated spot in Langdon, it may claim the title of proto-church. But at the present writing, no annals comparable to those of Queen's Chapel have been discovered. Its founder was a man who came of the first generation of the pilgrims from the Ark and the Dove and in the blood of his descendants is that of the original lord proprietors, the Catholic Barons of Baltimore. Placing the title of proto-church opens another avenue of research into Maryland history in its most fruitful aspect, the history of the early shrines and of the intrepid confessors of the Faith who made the ministrations of the missioners possible, after the law "forbade public services in open churches."

# "TWO RELIGIONS" OF ANGLICANISM

By HENRY S. WHITEHEAD

THE importance of the Protestant Episcopal Church, independent of its numerical status in the United States, is a subject for frequent comment. This importance is vulgarly ascribed to a "rich" and "fashionable" membership. A recent article, The Episcopalians, by an ex-Protestant Episcopal clergyman, which appeared in the American Mercury, stressed this point.

That importance rests upon solider foundations. Of these the chief is the fact that the Protestant Episcopal Church is an integral portion of the great Anglican communion, one of the three historic branches of the original Church founded by Christ, as distinct from any sect. There are, probably, 50,000,000 Anglicans in the world, which gives the Anglican communion an importance out of all proportion to its local position in America. It is, too, the "sample" church—the typical ecclesiastical body—e.g., in English literature, etc. Its peculiar relation to the Reformation movement gives it a logical position as the ideal basis for ecclesiastical unity.

The Anglican communion has living in it side by side at least two separate and more or less distinct religions. This apparent anomaly was the subject of an utterance about it by the late Bishop Randolph, which has received considerable religious-press comment recently. But Bishop Randolph made no new discovery. The fact has been a commonplace for a long time, at least among a considerable body of the clergy. It is only remarkable that the comment upon Bishop Randolph's utterance should have limited itself to the American portion of the Anglican communion—and to two religions. According to Father Ronald Knox, there are no less than seven religions in Anglicanism! That, of course, is only a tour de force. Father Knox can be clever at the expense of the Anglicanism which gave him his reputation as enfant terrible.

The traditional schools of thought in Anglicanism are, certainly, three. The dichotomy into two, however, transcends mere schools of thought. It means that some Anglicans are practising the Catholic religion while the rest use another. That other religion would be hard to define precisely. It is an emasculated Anglicanism, consisting largely of a set of assorted side-issues. The other religion virtually ignores, for example, five of the historic Catholic sacraments, contenting itself with the "two . . . generally necessary to salvation" mentioned in the Church Catechism, "that is to say, Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord."

Adherents of the other religion must, therefore,

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either borrow Anglo-Catholic ideas or else muddle through with a Holy Matrimony which is not, necessarily, sacramental, and without any specific provision for dealing with committed sin other than the vague, general idea that sin will be (or may be) "forgiven." The member of the other religion recites his belief in the forgiveness of sins, in the creeds. He listens once a week, when present at morning prayer (which Cranmer composed, and which is his chief service) to a formal statement that God "hath given power and commandment to His ministers to declare and pronounce to His people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins." But usually he will allege that he "does not believe in Confession."

The other religionist does not necessarily regard Confirmation as a sacrament. He calls it a "rite," which is only a quarter-truth, and it is his custom to defer it in the case of his children until these have arrived at middle adolescence, so precluding more than the bare possibility of Confirmation making anything but a formal impression on their self-conscious minds. His attitude to Holy Orders is indicated by his intense dislike of the term "priest." He ignores, if he does not rather fear, the very idea of Holy Unction, although this sacrament for the sick is clearly set forth for his perusal (and possible agreement) in the Epistle of Saint James.

It is characteristic of the other religion that its members speak proudly of "our incomparable liturgy," and then proceed to ignore that liturgy, or to have it celebrated very obscurely, reserving the satisfactions of their corporate sense of liturgical pomp for the Cranmerian Mattins which are ornamented with assorted tag-ends of "ritualism," like the collection-parade up the "centre-aisle"; tag-ends which are merely offenses to the soul of the Anglican liturgiologist.

I am not attacking the other religionist; merely attempting to define his position. This is almost insuperably difficult, because his position is so indefinite that it breaks apart in one's hands when critically, or even sympathetically, examined. It is, of course, largely negative, colored by what the other religionist does not believe in. It is, of course, variable as between individual cases, although one could make a considerable list of what the other religionist does not believe in, and such a list would include a goodly number of the teachings and practices of primitive Christianity. To take an extreme but lucidly illuminating example, I have known certain "High-Church" other religionists to be shocked and grieved by the inclusion of the kiss of peace in the liturgy. This primitive practice is, of course, scriptural, legitimate, not contrary to the rubrical directions of the Book of Common Prayer, and historically an integral portion of the basic structure of the Holy Eucharist. It is mentioned, e.g., by Justin Martyr, A. D. 142, in that connection, i. e., as the third of the eight component elements of the liturgy of the Holy Eucharist.

On his positive side, the other religionist does make certain claims, even though his views are vague. Prominent among these is an alleged great respect for the Holy Scriptures. This is one of the most curious of his beliefs, for it seems always to include the conviction that Catholics (all kinds, his fellow-Anglicans included, of course) neglect or ignore the Bible. It does not, apparently, include the practice of learning what is in the Bible, for the other religionist "objects" strenuously to teachings and practices which are very plainly set forth in Holy Scripture, e.g., Holy Unction for the Sick; the Use of Incense, etc.

It is, of course, Catholics—all kinds—who are most familiar with the text of Holy Scripture, from reading and constant devotional and meditative use.

An average case is that of an other religionist clergyman who wrote to one of the Episcopal Church weeklies during the month of October, 1926, to "protest" against the Catholic doctrine, widely extant in Anglo-Catholicism, of the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist. This clergyman contended quite seriously and at some length that, because God is omnipresent, He cannot, presumably, be "present" in a particular place and under a particular set of conditions, even though He has definitely promised (in Holy Scripture!) to be so present. The theology of historic Christendom, i. e., Catholic theology, as distinct from that which is essentially "Roman," distinguishes clearly between a whole set of "modes" of Christ's presence, e.g., in the human heart; at the right hand of God in heaven; as an historical personage during His earthly sojourn; in the elements consecrated in the Holy Eucharist, etc. Of this, which the most essentially "Roman" theology does not, certainly, deny, that quite typical clergyman of the other religion was, apparently, quite ignorant. He wrote as though he did not suspect that the universal Church has always taught several modes of God's presence.

Theology is to religion somewhat like anatomy to surgery. Imagine a practising surgeon ignorant, not only of current progress in his science and art, but who actually was unaware of the anatomy with its terminology, which he was "using" in his daily operations! That is how the state of mind of the other religionists, when they express themselves, looks to the Anglo-Catholic. It is no wonder that "Episcopalianism" puzzles Protestants!

I shall not multiply instances, nor go further with anything like a list of the apparent opinions of the other religionists. It is of greater importance and interest to attempt to indicate how Anglo-Catholicism is automatically solving the main difficulty of Anglicanism (the two religions) by a process of slow absorbtion. There are innumerable finger-posts along that plain road.

In the recent widely-reported "revival" in Waterbury, Connecticut, those engaged in leading it attended a retreat before the work began. This retreat

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was conducted in part by a Protestant Episcopal clergyman who is not an Anglo-Catholic. Yet, less than fifty years ago, members of a graduating class at the General Theological Seminary were severely disciplined for holding a retreat previous to their ordination. Today an ordination in the Protestant Episcopal Church which had not been preceded by a retreat would be exceptional. This practice of retreats is, if anything is, distinctively a "Catholic" practice.

The weekly Eucharist has attained almost to universality in the Protestant Episcopal Church, irrespective of the local parish's Anglo-Catholic or other religionist policy.

More striking, though less important, of course, is the general acceptance by the other religion of the three hours' devotion for Good Friday. This devotion is now virtually universal in the Protestant Episcopal Church. It lacks the historic background of strictly "Catholic" origin. It is purely "modern Roman," and worthy the general use it enjoys in the Protestant Episcopal Church. It originated in very modern times—down in South America—among the Jesuits!

The Right Reverend Manton Eastburn, D.D., was Bishop of Massachusetts for the thirty years from 1842 until 1872. During his episcopate he refused to visit the Anglo-Catholic Church of the Advent. In order to get its candidates confirmed and to settle the matter at issue, the parish called as its rector the Right Reverend Horatio Southgate, D.D., retired Bishop of Constantinople. Bishop Southgate, having a seat and a vote in the House of Bishops, succeeded in getting into the general canons a provision (still in force) making episcopal visitation mandatory once in three years. The refusal to visit the Church of the Advent on the part of that Bishop of Massachusetts was because the parish displayed a cross of wood on its altar. Today there is almost no church building within the whole scope of Anglicanism which does not have at least a cross on the altar. Scores of similar cases might be cited.

Slowly but surely the teachings and practices of Catholicity are being absorbed by the other religion in Anglicanism; and, paradoxically, Anglo-Catholicism is absorbing the other religion. The whole Anglican trend is toward Catholicity. Knox's seven schools of thought are only subdivisions of the two religions —and only one of them all is Anglo-Catholic.

Old-fashioned evangelicalism is rapidly disappearing. It seems to be a spent force among people who think, and no one has ever accused Anglicans of being uneducated. Modernism, on the other hand, owes its relative weakness to its lack of definiteness and the negative quality of its propaganda. The evangelical may not "believe in" incense and such matters. But the modernist is dangerously close to "not believing in" the verities of the Faith. The evangelical has at least retained his belief in these, even though his fervor has evaporated. The modernist, seeking to conform his religion to the shifting fashions of "modern thought," is always feverishly hustling to catch up with modern thought.

Anglo-Catholicism is the dominant religion in Anglicanism, and increasingly so, although the Protestant Episcopal Church lags behind the Church of England in this respect. Whole sections of Anglicanism are now definitely Catholic, notably in the urban centres of the mother-archdiocese of Canterbury, and in, e.g., the archdiocese of the British West Indies. American (and Canadian) Anglicans are handicapped in this advance by the predominant sectarianism of "American Christianity," which derives from other proximate sources than Anglicanism itself.

Anglo-Catholicism derives its power from the two facts that it is, definitely and intentionally, within the main stream of the Christian tradition; and that, pragmatically, it "works." Unlike the other religionist, the Anglo-Catholic does not respect the Reformation as his source. He prefers to consider himself derived from the primitive in Christianity. Unlike the other religionist, he is wasting less and less time and energy in hating and fearing "Rome" and calling her names. He is even perceiving in "Roman" developments a legitimate growth and the working of the logic of history and even that guidance of the Holy Spirit of God "into all truth" which Christ Himself promised.

Anglo-Catholicism touches life in all its aspects. It is, emphatically, enthusiastically, not the religion of the merely respectable. It is not hedged about by almost innumerable prejudices and inhibitions derived from any sense of something blessedly final and satisfactory in that strange jumble of futilities called "the Reformation settlement"—as though a living religion could be fettered by any human "settlement!" Luther and Calvin are not its heroes. It is not in competition on more or less equal terms with the surrounding sectarianism, that peculiarly non-sacramental religion which we call "American." No sectarian can reasonably regard a group of Anglo-Catholics as a body similar to his own save for "an incomparable liturgy," which it seems afraid to use!

The one powerful weapon still in the hands of the other religion is inertia—resistance to change; any change. That is why it can be said with some approximation to truthfulness that Anglicans "have a Catholic clergy and a Protestant laity." The laity is naturally the more reluctant to face the issue of inevitable change which the Oxford movement inaugurated less than a century ago in a decadent Anglicanism, and which has caused that extraordinary growth within the communion which has taken the form and the name of Anglo-Catholic. It was Francis Bacon who placed change in the forms of religion first among those policies which a monarch, seeking peace, must avoid! Anglo-Catholics have a long, hard row to hoe yet; but indications are that they will hoe it—through to the end.

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# LADISLAS REYMONT

By CHARLES PHILLIPS

SOPHISTICATION is the curse of modern literature; and the curse of sophistication is sterility. A Van Vechten dropping his "quotes" in the manifest hope of being regarded as "new"; an Ezra Pound sprinkling his self-conscious verses with quotidian Latin; a quite mad Gertrude Stein juggling an agglutinative script before our bewildered eyes—they are all sophisticated and they are all sterile. We turn away from them. The pen that merely scratches glyphics on the enamel of life neither stirs us nor lifts us up. The pen that would raise man to the stars must set its leverage in the earth.

When Ladislas Reymont made himself known to our reading world a year ago through his Nobel Prize novel, The Peasants, something refreshing happened, something really new—something as old as the song of Caedmon, but new to us, because we have so long lost the flavor of the old and the real. More than twenty editions of Reymont's masterpiece have been published in America alone in less than twenty months; tens of thousands, indeed millions, of people have read him and are reading him. Why? Because this is what happened—the world was captivated, perhaps without knowing why, without realizing that it had found a writing-man who is not sterile; who has the fecundity of elemental truth in him, and of elemental feeling; whose gesture is of David dancing unabashed, not of Michal, the sophisticate, looking on in pretentious boredom.

It is difficult to escape the biblical implication in discussing Reymont's writings, especially his Peasants. That work comes very near being pure folk-writing, as so much of the Old Testament is. The Peasants has something of all the qualities that have gone into the making of folk-song from the beginning of time—simplicity, spontaneity, ingenuousness (instead of ingenuity) rich figurativeness; and it is communal. In the ages to come, when under new dispensations men may be searching with immense curiosity the records of our time, this work may well be found and accepted as a genuine folk utterance. And for this, of course, there is an all-sufficient reason. The Peasants came out of more than the mere professional observance of a literary man; it came out of elemental folk experience.

In the long history of literature, of men who have toiled and suffered to be artists, there is no record more burdened with the characteristic pain and patience and disappointment of the peasant's life than Reymont's. True, in the scheme of life as the Polish countryside knows it, there are people even more poverty-stricken than were Reymont's people. There are lower social strata than that from which he rose. His father was a proprietor, a mill owner. But one has to know what the mill in peasant Poland means, to appreciate the hardships that surrounded Reymont's early life; one must have seen the Polish prairies dotted over with their giant-winged windmills, with the thatched cottage of the miller and his meagre acre of garden and plowland adjoining, and his family of a dozen or more children to be fed, and he earning a precarious living out of the pennies paid him by his neighbors for grinding their rye.

There were fourteen in that family to be fed and shod and clothed—and to be educated. Young Ladislas got little schooling; and he got the less because he came from the fighting stock of Poland. That strain was strong in him: his father had fought in the Rebellion of '63; his mother had fought, too, as Polish mothers ever since the Partitions had fought, keeping the story and the language of Poland alive in the hearts and on the tongues of their children in the face of every interdiction. When Russian schoolmasters forbade Polish, even on the playground, young Reymont revolted. The brief story of his school-days is an almost continuous story of punishments and expulsions. The rest of his story, up to his finding himself as a writer, is a story of struggle for bread, in railway offices, in drygoods stores, as a telegraph operator, as an actor. Once the bruising fist of circumstance crushed his fine young soul so unbearably that he turned to the cloister for refuge. But his brief novitiate with the Fathers of Saint Paul in the Monastery of Our Lady at Czestochowa only convinced him that his vocation was the pen and his place the world.

But he was a dreamer. And what place is there in the world for the dreamer? His poems, as he would tell good-naturedly in later years, were laughed at by his companions; if merit was granted to his cycle of sonnets, he was accused of having stolen them; his railway reports brought him only reprimand and were sent the rounds as a joke because, once he would grasp his pen, the power in him that would not be denied leaped into play to fashion realities on the station-agent's file-sheet where there should have appeared only facts. A dreamer surely; when he was twenty, and half-starved, of soul as well as body, he lost a coveted promotion because the dream caught him up out of the pages of Sienkiewicz's triology and held him while the golden material chance slipped by.

If he could have guessed then, that night in the dingy tavern at Skierniewice, when he sat up through the long but swift-flying hours of dim lamplight and lived over the huge drama of Sienkiewicz's masterpiece—if he could have guessed then that he himself, Reymont, would one day wear coequal honors with his master; if his sceptical friends could have guessed then that

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these failures of his, which disgusted them so, would one day make the very fabric of success and fame for him! When, at twenty-six, his first story, The Death, was published, and he announced his intention of devoting himself henceforth to writing, they despaired more than ever of him, calling him not only a failure, but a fool. This stocky youth with the speculative eyes of the dreamer, but with the wild brush of determined hair and the fighting chin—he was an enigma, and therefore a fool. And yet the day was not far off when all Poland was to be reading his novel, The Dreamer, and all his neighbors were to discover in it much of the record of his own hard life among them. In the Josef Pelka of The Dreamer, Reymont has pictured himself more than in any other of his characters. Pelka, too, drudged through the lonely sun-smitten and winter-bitten days, and the lonelier nights, of a rural station-clerk; and the dream caught him up, too—the dream of far lands beyond the horizon over which the railway trains that he checked in and checked out were forever disappearing.

In The Comedienne, Reymont again made use of his experiences, this time drawing on his life as an actor in the days when he had toured the outland towns of Poland with a troupe of barnstormers; but not even here did he forget his life at the railway office. In Ferments, he returned even more definitely to that scene. That life which had furrowed his soul with the harrow of pain and failure and disappointment, had planted a crop, too, and his pen was harvesting it—not with bitterness, but with that quiet fidelity to truth which is the essence of realism. "I, who regarded reality as a stupid, wretched nightmare, unworthy of consideration, I—stoop to describe the foul gutters of life?"—so he once spoke of himself and of those youthful enthusiasms of his which never left him.

Most of Reymont's writings are thus the harvest of his own experiences. But his richest gleaning was to come out of his understanding of the life of the peasant, the life of the soil as he had known it. The subdued all-potent sound of the plow, the fresh exhalation of the unfolding sod, are in nearly all of his writings; as if the breath of the earth, the mist that rises from the plowed land, had intoxicated him; as if the mesmeric gesture of sowing and reaping, of creation itself, had got into his soul. Always the soil; for Reymont himself cannot escape the soil. When he ventures from it, from subjectivity to objectivity, from interpretation to mere observation, he fails of his best, as he did partially in his historical novel, The Year 1794, and as he did almost wholly in The Opium Smokers, and The Vampire.

Finally, we have his two greatest works, The Promised Land, and The Peasants, which, taken together, make one great prose epic of the husbandman in the two aspects which most faithfully reveal his soul; in the one, living on the soil, a part of it, as much as the wheat blade is a part of it; in the other, removed from the soil, and, thus removed, suffering and dying just as the green shoot suffers and dies when plucked up by its roots.

The Promised Land is the tragedy of the peasant transplanted and destroyed in industry. It is the tragedy of exploited and exploiter, and it has among its many dramatic scenes one of such electrifying force that no reader can forget it—that scene where peasant and employer, facing each other in the fury of primitive lust for blood and conquest, are both ground to a mad death by the vast machine that has heretofore been their life and given them sustenance. It would be difficult to find in literature a more compelling example of the power of dramatic symbolism than this—unless, indeed, one turn to Reymont's major work, The Peasants. Here, for instance, in the death of Boryna, scattering the earth itself for seed in his moonlit delirium, and falling stark at last in the furrow at dawn, clasping the soil in his hand—here is writing that is incomparable for vigor and beauty and significance. And there is the death of Yagna. In that episode, Reymont comes very near out-Greeking the Greeks for katharsis, for pathos and the towering tragedy of the inevitable. And in such scenes as this, too, lies one of Reymont's strongest claims to literary greatness. The death of Yagna, coming as it does at the very end of a huge four-volume work, led up to, as it is, through a thousand pages of ever-tightening, never-failing suspense, suspense created through authentic characterization—this scene is an unimpeachable demonstration of sustained literary power.

Reymont lived fifty-seven years; he wrote for over thirty; and he produced some twenty-eight volumes. Recognition came slowly. Writing was no more easy for him than the toil and sweat of tillage and harvest for the peasant. He was a conscious artist; he labored over his books, thought them out, composed haltingly and with infinite care. To the writing of The Peasants he devoted four years. He was only in his mid-thirties when he began it; he was almost forty when it was finished. And nearly twenty years more had to pass before the full recognition of the world was to be given it, and before we in America were to know it. But Europe in the meantime had long accepted him—France and Spain and Germany and Russia, all the Slavonic countries. His writings have gone into the tongues of all these lands; even to Japan. Then, at last, came the Nobel award; then, at last, the whole world looked up to behold this singer of the soil, as one of his colleagues, Kornel Makuszynski, has phrased it, "holding tightly clenched in his hand a clod of earth, like the knight who carried in his hands from the Holy Land a burning light"; for, at last, Reymont had "accomplished a miracle; the clod of earth shone like a diamond, like a particle of the sun . . . and the whole world was amazed when it saw how infinitely beautiful was that clod of earth and how immeasurably rich it must be if it could nourish such a heart!"

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# ONLY YESTERDAY

By WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM

WHEN I look back to the life of fifty years ago, I see quite clearly that not only the times have changed, but time itself is not the thing it used to be. Time has shrunken in length, breadth, and thickness. I see no other plausible explanation of its reduced capacity of accomplishment. In the days when slow-paced oxen were the chief means of transportation—the single mould-board plow, the spiked toothed harrow, the hoe and the scythe, the hand-rake and the pitch-fork, the most important, and almost the only agricultural implements—there was, if my memory serves me right, more work accomplished, and with less hurry and more leisure hours than at present.

There seems to have been no more outside hired help on the farm then than now. Farmers changed work one with another, and when there happened to be a surplus of sons in a family, one or more of the boys worked as hired men on other farms. Of course, the fact that young people finished their education earlier counts for something, but not for all.

My grandfather was farmer and shoemaker. My father was minister, school superintendent, shoemaker and farmer. He never took a vacation in his life, for during the season when the schools and his church were closed, planting, hay-making and harvesting kept him at work; yet somehow he found ample time for reading, study, and writing for the magazines. Winter and summer he arose at four—just as most of my neighbors do now—and did his share of the chores at the barn; breakfast was at six; the forenoon he occupied in shoemaking when the farm work did not call. After dinner he usually studied and wrote, until my mother, with my sister's help, had finished the household duties, when he read to her while she sewed.

After the night's work at the barn was done and supper was over, we gathered in the sitting-room; then my sister played the piano for half an hour, and after that my mother read to us of English, Scotch, and Irish life, from Shakespeare, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Blackmore, Meredith, Hardy, and Stevenson—or from such American writers as Thoreau, Emerson, and Howells. After that my father and I read scientific and philosophical works until bedtime.

While I was listening to the music and the reading, I occupied my time drawing with pen and pencil, sketches of the wild birds and animals that I had seen in the course of the day's farm work or on fishing and hunting excursions. This routine was more or less frequently interrupted by dances and parties and amateur theatricals with the young folk of this and the neighboring towns. On summer evenings I foregathered at the swimming-hole with farmers and their sons and hired men. This form of entertainment gave place a few years later to the superior attractions of lawn tennis and bicycle excursions.

In my boyhood we had no running water in the house. All the water was brought up by bucket and windlass from the depths of the well. Monday morning it fell to my lot to help with the washing, and on Tuesdays and Fridays with the churning. During the school term, my woodland studies were much curtailed, and on those days I made a practice—after hurrying through my share of the barn work and my breakfast—of starting off for a long tramp in the woods, planning to get back in time to finish the washing or churning before the hour for starting off for school. My studies in the school-room interested me but little, and I was always glad when the farm work kept me out in my open air study. In those days, the studies in the little country school included Latin and Greek, algebra, geometry, astronomy, and botany. Geography—especially physical geography—and algebra were about the only studies that I found attractive there.

I early felt the desire to express my thoughts in writing, so that composition, as taught in the schools, went decidedly against the grain. At that time, there was a wide-spread belief that the marshaling of words could be governed and restricted within the limits of a parcel of fixed laws, made by man for man's convenience. The rules of grammar, instead of being looked upon as merely a help or stepping-stone for beginners, were too often regarded as final. Feeling as I did in my inmost heart of hearts, that there was a divine and universal law of sound, to whose rhythm the ocean waves, the wind in the trees, and the creaking of crickets on a summer evening all timed themselves, and to whose perfect movement men could only blindly grope their way, thankful for the guidance of an unseen helping hand, either in writing, music, or any of the arts, I was inclined to treat the lessons in grammar as something of a joke—much to the exasperation of my teachers. Neither could I see why everyone should be expected to spell words in exactly the same way, so long as the arrangement of letters approximately conveyed the sound and meaning of the words. When, in later years, I read in a book by one of the finest writers of our time his reference to the "unimportant matter of spelling," I felt that I had met a kindred spirit.

The school-boys of those days, as memory recalls them, were on the whole not quite the equal of the boys of today, either in good looks or good manners. They were either shy, boorish and awkward, or else too much inclined to mannish bravado and the putting on of airs—but they were, I think, more praiseworthy in not demanding too much of life. The very shyness which made the boys uncouth was an added merit in the school-girls—one which today we sometimes miss with keen regret.

However it may be with the youth of today I know not—but at that time there certainly was no call for instruction regarding the danger of vice. The boys were informed, not so much by their parents as by mature associates among outdoor men. Farmers and lumbermen, deep-sea fishers, horse-traders, cattle-dealers, and blacksmiths, then (as now, I suppose) made a practice of talking before growing boys of just such matters, in terms such as we now find in print only in Chaucer and Shakespeare—and I firmly believe for the purpose of warning them. Though I have read something of such matters since then, and held conversation with wise and experienced doctors, I have learned very little that my associates and I did not know at the age of fifteen.

Hunting, fishing, and trapping for fur were our combined recreation and source of pocket-money, and formed the principal topic of our conversation. Many an observation concerning natural history that they told me, and which I had not found in my books and doubted at the time, I have since verified by my own research or by reference to that of others.

## *Reconciliation*

Friend—you call me so—how long
I have withheld that sacred name from you!
And now what singing memories throng—
What sympathies and comfortings long due,
What green oasis comes in view!

RODERICK GILL.

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# COMMUNICATIONS

## THE RAILROAD QUESTION

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—Is not the Reverend John A. Ryan misquoted in the article appearing on page 340 of The Commonweal of February 2? The writer is not an attorney and does not have record of Supreme Court decisions readily at hand, but several trade journals gave considerable prominence to the decision in question.

I think your investigation will show that the decision of the Supreme Court stated that a fair return was 7 percent of the investment. You may not be aware of the fact, but in 1926 the railroads operating west of the Mississippi River did not earn 4 percent of their investment while few eastern roads were able to earn the 5 and three-fourths percent that is suggested but not guaranteed under the provisions of the Esch-Cummins Law.

If the American transportation system is to be maintained on its efficient basis and if new capital is to be secured, a fair return must be given to the stockholders. They would have no trouble marketing their securities if the yield of 30 percent could be maintained. Unhappily, however, such is not the case.

The railroad question has too long been a political football.

G. J. WADLINGER.

## ACCURACY AND CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

Tarrytown, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Fisa, secretary of the Czecho-Slovakian legation at Washington—in his last letter plain Mr. Fisa—scolded The Commonweal for its alleged inaccurate statements concerning conditions in Czecho-Slovakia. In my answer I proved that Mr. Fisa was not quite accurate himself. A person who offers his services to furnish any "authentic" material concerning the present political and religious conditions in Czecho-Slovakia should not depend upon "bona fide" nor upon "some of the Czecho-Slovakian newspapers in New York" for such "authentic" material.

Mr. Fisa is not quite logical when he says he is not authorized to pronounce himself about the present relations between Czecho-Slovakia and the Holy See, because in his first letter he offers his services to furnish "any" authentic material, religious or political.

I firmly believe that the present government, notwithstanding the addition of a Catholic or two in the cabinet, is still in control of Masaryk and Benes, both of whom have often betrayed their Hussite, anti-Catholic spirit. When these two over-rated and over-advertised personages are put aside—and this is very likely to happen in the coming elections—then perhaps there will be a change for the better.

REV. A. A. NOVAJOVSKY.

## THE BUSINESS OF DIVORCE

Denton, Texas.

TO the Editor:—The Commonweal of January 26 has an editorial on page 313 which begins thus: "The business of divorce was never so prosperous as now." One fruitful cause of these tragedies is mixed marriages, which lead toward godlessness. Catholics should make a strong attempt to stem this source of divorces. But are not mixed marriages of frequent occurrence among Catholics, especially among those who have high-school and college educations? The Fortnightly Review of January 15, copies words from the Catholic Citizen which might be helpful: "The Dublin correspondent of The Universe (London) states that 'a mixed marriage in any part of Ireland is an extremely rare thing.'" If a third of the marriages were, as here, mixed marriages, the Irish bishops would devote all their Lenten pastorals to the subject. The Catholic Church has in all ages defended the indissolubility of the married couple. Her help never was more needed in these United States than today. Why condemn Mormonism when the nation is steeped in it. May The Commonweal and the entire Catholic press do everything in their power to wipe out this shame.

REV. RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

## THE COURSE OF CONVERSION

Newark, N. J.

TO the Editor:—In his paper entitled, The Course of Conversion, Mr. G. K. Chesterton tells us that it is not the propaganda spread by the enemies of the Church that scares the neophyte, but Catholics themselves. I am inclined thoroughly to agree with him. Take, for instance, those who amiably advise Protestants that their "Our Father" is the "same as ours," never taking into consideration that it is a paraphrase of the prayer taught us by Jesus Christ Himself.

Only recently, a member of one of our largest Catholic societies called upon an apostate of my acquaintance, soliciting funds for some cause or another, and told the latter that if he contributed the sum of $25.00 he would get to heaven. Obviously, this is wit out of its element.

Is there no way of restraining these cosmopolites of religion who go about apologizing for their faith and selling heaven?

ELSIE A. GALIK.

## A PAN-AMERICAN COLLEGE

Brookline, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Sands's idea of a Pan-American Catholic college looks in the right direction. If our enemies in this country cannot injure us as much as they would like, they will try to make up for it abroad, and we should stand shoulder to shoulder with our fellow-Catholics of that new world which Columbus gave to Castile and Leon.

JOSEPH DWIGHT.

## MARK TWAIN PRIZE

Webster Groves, Mo.

TO the Editor of The Commonweal:—The Mark Twain Society is offering a prize of $10.00 for the best short letter on the subject: Why I Like Mark Twain. Letters should not exceed 300 words in length and must reach us by August 1 of this year. They should be mailed to the Mark Twain Society, 37 Gray Avenue, Webster Groves, Missouri.

CYRIL CLEMENS.

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*(The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)*

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# POEMS

## *Harkness Memorial Tower*

(*Yale University*)

I

Thou, russet maid, hast raised our laden eyes
  Out of the dust we daily walk upon.
  Even as day's expiring garrison
Pledges upon thy crown, before it dies,
Its knightly troth it will retake the skies,
  So I, a weary young Bellerophon
  Tumbled by Pegasus, rely upon
Thy sudden dazzlement and old surprise
To pierce me back into the fight again.
  Thou bold pretender to forgotten thrones,
Thou saffron queen of solemn-faced young men,
  Thou newer glory out of olden stones,
The Lux et Veritas engraved in thee
Even to dust lends immortality.

II

The sombre elms stand back a pace from her,
  New England to the core; this mightier might,
  This wild upflinging to a topless height
Must be considered. Staid old trees confer
In twittering whispers: "Is she villager
  Or immigrant? Natural or sprite?"
  "Invited not, she marched in of a night,
Stabbing the sky like an adventurer."

The moon she sets at nightfall in her hair,
  To gild her sun-brown skin to a fair white;
The spinster elms, too sleepy now to care,
  Gather the shadows and murmur a stiff goodnight.
The campus is a still cobalt lagoon
Showing Her Grace the tilt of the mirrored moon.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

## *Ingratitude*

Out of the north a stormbird came
A wild, wild thing that none could tame;
  And it beat at the window of my heart
Till I took it in for all its blame;
  I warmed and fed it there apart
  As its wings grew strong with my healing art,
So it rose in the sun like flame.

Oh, noon was fiery, clear and bright,
As it swung and swung beyond the height,
  But never a song came back to me;
And the summers strike at my breast with blight,
  Where every noontide fresh and free
  Has a touch of silver leprosy
And the paths that I tread seek night.

THOMAS WALSH.

## *Country Home*

Whenever I shall pass this house again,
  Morning or evening, noon—I shall prepare
My thoughts far, far ahead of time, and then,
  Like any other tourist, stare and stare.

These small-paned windows, gleaming and precise,
  Through which I've watched the snow sweep down the hill,
To cover trees with soundlessness . . . the nice
  Adjustment of each flake upon the sill,

And all the lovely whiteness of the field,
  Will be as cheerful with some other eyes
Behind them, and will brightly yield
  As much of peace and beautiful surprise.

This must be so. And if I learn to stare
  With friendliness at what I've lately lost,
I cheat my heart of malice, and the bare,
  Long years ahead of black and bitter frost.

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS.

## *David Ap Gwillam's Mass*

The thrush, the lark, and, chief, the nightingale,
With one small bird whose name I do not ken,
Offered a Mass; the little bird was clerk,
At intervals he struck his silver bell.
The stars above that were not whitened then
The candles were; the altar was a stone;
Myself was there with meet observances
Hearing the Mass the birds said in the dell.

It was the lark who sang in dark's decrease
Kyrie Eleison; then the nightingale
The Consecration chanted solemnly.
(The silver bell was rung for him in chief.)
And then the thrush, the dweller in the vale,
Orate Fratres sang—how near, how clear!
It was the thrush who, as the sun appeared,
Held up the Monstrance, a dew-circled leaf.

PADRAIC COLUM.

## *The Old Guion Tomb*

(*It is said that while walking through an old graveyard at Mamaroneck, Poe received the inspiration to write Ulalume.*)

The tarnished cypress trees stand gaunt and red
Their rusty swords across the lichened tomb
That once inspired the song of Ulalume,
Rows of dead sentries watching by their dead.

Some living few that pass this way may know
That here a poet walked with beauty. Now
Dust claims the whole, as dust has claimed the brow
Which housed the tragedy that once was Poe.

FAITH VAN VALKENBURGH VILAS.

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# THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

## *Trelawny of the Wells*

IT IS a rather curious comment on the vagaries of this theatrical season that, at its height, a manager should be able to gather some twenty or more leading actors for an all-star revival of Pinero's sentimental classic of stage life. Some of them, of course, like John Drew and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, emerge from semi-retirement for sentiment's sake; others, like Rollo Peters and Helen Gahagan, are under contract or arrangment with the manager, George Tyler; but surely it is no tribute to the type of play filling some sixty New York theatres, nor to the astuteness of managers in general, that a revival could obtain easily the services of so amazing an array of talent. However, there they are. And it may be another generation before you see such an assemblage again.

Aside from those already mentioned, you will find, in small parts and large, Wilton Lackaye, Henrietta Crosman, Otto Kruger, Pauline Lord, Estelle Winwood, Effie Shannon, Frieda Inescort, O. P. Heggie, Eric Dressler, Lawrance D'Orsay, John E. Kellard, J. M. Kerrigan, and a few more. And if you are planning to watch the steady progress of a play, you might as well resign yourself at once to long and frequent interruptions of applause as each favorite appears and is discovered beneath his or her disguise. Amazing, diverting—but hardly a sight nor an atmosphere, nor, for that matter, a play, to sway your inner emotions. You must accept it for just what it is, and, within its obvious limitations, enjoy it to the hilt.

Naturally, there are not enough good parts to go round. John Drew—bless him!—as the choleric vice-chancellor, gives a performance as youthful and telling as if he planned to keep on acting for another twenty years and had no such responsibility as being uncle to the Barrymore family. Mrs. Whiffen, at seventy-nine or some such age, trips about the stage with great ease, and even dances—a fragile, wise, and vastly competent old lady, whose age is a challenge to youth. Rose Trelawny falls to Helen Gahagan—and if her speaking voice still has distressing registers, it has for the most part improved and softened, along with her touch for light comedy. And in the few moments when Rose breaks into song, we discover a rich and delightful singing voice. The Avonia Bunn of Estelle Winwood is another markedly good characterization—pathetic, distinct, and carried through with clear understanding. Pauline Lord, as Imogen Parrott, is a disappointment. Here was a chance for her to throw color into her voice and personality, to break away utterly from the type-casting with which managers have afflicted her. But we still see Amy, of They Knew What They Wanted—the nervous hands, always pulling at something, the hesitant speech, the rather drab voice. There is a fine sweep and authority to the few minutes allotted to Effie Shannon and Henrietta Crosman, and a gracious charm in Frieda Inescort.

Wilton Lackaye throws his abundant humor into James Telfer, but slows up the action somewhat by his infinite leisure. Eric Dressler, as Arthur Gower, hardly reconciles us to the fate of Rose Trelawny, particularly when Rollo Peters is so completely sympathetic as the frustrated and forlorn Tom Wrench. Lawrance D'Orsay takes full advantage of a small chance, and we are grateful for brief glimpses of J. M. Kerrigan and Otto Kruger. And thus, as it were, endeth the parade. For the play itself no longer rings with the illusion of great sincerity nor gathers the momentum for emotional force. It has moments of pathos, but rather more of frank sentimentality; a certain quaint charm, but only faint glimmerings of reality. Possibly with a workaday cast, and the forceful hand of a Guthrie McClintic, unhampered by the glow of constellations, it might reveal itself in stronger terms. But the present performance is in different temper. It is well worth seeing. But anticipation should be shorn to a gentle breeze.

## *Cradle Song*

THERE is a social as well as a theatrical significance to the astounding success achieved overnight by Eva Le Gallienne's production of this fragile Spanish play by Gregorio and Maria Sierra. It is no mere accident of faultless production that makes people swarm to Cradle Song at the same time that theatrical filth is reaching its lowest point in other parts of the city. It is, if you will, the great social law of contrast—the thing that brings forth saints in cycles of degeneracy, or that demands exaltation in order to save life itself from degradation.

Of course, the apparent simplicity of Cradle Song is deceptive. It is really a very profound study of the strongest human emotions, wrought with all the skill and tempered suspense of the most stirring drama. Only the story itself is simple; the theme is as richly complex and stirring as any a dramatist could choose. For example, the story is this: a baby girl is left at the door of a convent of Dominican nuns, and, on the advice of the convent doctor, is adopted. In the second, and last act, this girl, now eighteen, is about to leave to be married to a young architect who is taking her to far-off America. The young man talks to the nuns through the grille; the girl makes her farewell and leaves. And that is the entire story! But beneath this lies the full and ageless power of maternal love, its dignity, its self-sacrifice, its poignancy—the everlasting tragedy and triumph of renunciation.

For each of these intensely individual nuns becomes in the finest sense a mother to the abandoned child. To one she is a bright song trilling in the convent garden; to another, a soul to be nourished before God; and to Sister Joanna of the Cross, who is still a novice the day the child is found, she becomes a child to be cherished, warmed, guarded, scolded, loved, even as this same Sister Joanna had had to care for her small brothers and sisters in the days before she entered the convent door. And in the strained moments of that last scene, with the nuns trying to be cheerful in spite of their heartaches, a life story is revealed in the faces and in the least actions of each of them. Yes. It is a human, cheerful, strong story, shot through with pathos that never becomes sentimentality and with a love that knows how to say farewell bravely.

It is the first of Miss Le Gallienne's productions I have seen in which she has entirely surmounted the difficulty of directing the play herself. The whole movement and flow of the piece is faultless, replete with humor and tenderness, and emanating that sense of exquisite and kindly quiet which only those who know convents will fully appreciate. It must fall startlingly upon the minds of those to whom convents have always loomed as gloomy prisons for the frustrated!

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Miss Le Gallienne, as Sister Joanna, finds one of her happiest parts. Beatrice de Neergaard as Sister Marcella—who always has at least a fingertip in hot water—is quite delightful; and Beatrice Terry as the wise prioress, and Leona Roberts as the slightly puritanical vicaress, are beyond reproach. To Josephine Hutchinson falls the part of the waif, Teresa, and I doubt if anything more restrainedly lovely than her last parting scene is to be found in the theatre today. Egon Brecher loses none of the dry humor of the doctor, and Hardie Albright makes of the brief appearance of the young architect, beyond the convent grille, a moment of rare youthful manliness. It is an extremely difficult scene because of its stark simplicity. It might so easily be priggish, or, what is worse, soft. Mr. Albright makes it straightforward and brave. All in all, Miss Le Gallienne and her cast are admirable in a richly understanding production of a very rare play.

### *Pinwheel*

THE Neighborhood Playhouse has gone modern with a shout of vengeance. It has used the vehicle of a rather trite play about distinctly uninteresting people to give an expressionistic view of New York in all the glory and din of modern stage-craft. Admitting at the outset that Donald Oenslager's scenic craftsmanship in visualizing the spirit of New York is incomparably fine, one cannot restrain astonishment that this mountain of fine labor should have been piled upon the mouse of Francis Edwards Faragoh's play. Even if Mr. Faragoh's intention was, as rumored, to have New York City the chief character in his play, a sense of proportion would demand adequate protagonists somewhere. But they do not materialize. The boy and girl whose misdoings supply the thread of the story, are as inconsequential as the infantile emotions which the city arouses in them. They are typical, perhaps, but only of the city's morons, and from that fact we have, instead of throbbing tragedy, merely the uninspiring battle of the ant against the steam-roller.

In the sixteen episodes, there are quite a number which, if they were not committed in the name of the new stage-craft, would rival the crudest sex-thrillers of Broadway. They amount, in essence, to the brashiest form of emotional exhibitionism. The pervading unreality of the production robs them slightly of their most obvious significance, but, at that, no realism has been spared in these very scenes where a true sense of artistic proportion would have demanded complete stylization. If the Misses Lewisohn, who directed the play, have attempted deliberately to mix the real and the unreal, they have either tried to mix elements that will never mix, or have mixed them in artistically wrong proportions. The result is often cloudy when it is not simply crass.

Dorothy Sands gives an excellent external performance of the girl, but without internal depth; and Marc Loebell is somewhat more staunch as the boy. The groupings of the crowds are excellent. Certain scenes, thanks to Mr. Oenslager, have all the magic topsy-turveydom of New York. But in a play of deception, seduction, infidelity, and murder among supremely infantile persons, with only a faint last-minute rumor of finer possibilities, all that one can honestly praise are these masterful stage mechanics. The rest is an art theatre's unconscious excuse for going most broadly Broadway, i. e., to Broadway's gutters.

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# BOOKS

*Holism and Evolution, by General, the Right Honorable, J. C. Smuts. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.*

GENERAL SMUTS tells us that it "has been my lot to have passed many years of my life amid the conflicts of men, in their wars and their council chambers"; in a word, as military commander, prime minister, and philosopher. The names of Earl Balfour and Earl Haldane rise at once to the mind as those of statesmen who have written on philosophy. The former has been a prime minister; and the latter, minister of war; but neither has had the range of General Smuts. While reading his difficult but most interesting book, the wonder often felt is how its author in his busy life has found the time to acquire the vast stores of accurate and up-to-date knowledge of modern physics and biology which his book reveals in every chapter.

Of thought, too, there is no lack; but then the author tells us that the conception has been in his mind for years, and doubtless was often present in his thoughts on the nights when, as again he tells us, he lay awake on the open veldt, gazing at the stars in the clear heavens above the vast areas of South Africa.

I am but an amateur in physics, yet know enough of its later developments to see how well the General is read in it; and the only criticism which I make (and with great diffidence) is that he perhaps takes too high a view of the theory of relativity and its immense and wide-spread influence. For myself, I confees that the phrase by which he seems to explain the genesis of holism, that "time, integrated with space, is active and creative, and productive of reality," does not carry any internal conviction. It is like the Bergsonian idea that pure duration produces concrete reality, which, by the way, the General affirms it simply cannot do. Turning to biology, I venture to suggest that the General, with his devotion to Darwin as a man and as a writer, is a little disposed to overrate him and depreciate others—Lamarck, for example, whom many today seem to think has got hold of the right idea. He is certainly inclined to underrate Mendel and his work, which cannot be in any way "ruled out," as he puts it. If the claims of the ultra-Mendelians today are to be accepted, there is an end of the Darwinian theory; and even the more moderate of their claims have, in the opinion of some excellent authorities, given the coup de grâce to Darwinism.

Again it would seem that he has scarcely appreciated the fundamental character of the conflict over the heredity of acquired conditions, nor its unsettled state today. And with Darwin, he perhaps attaches too much importance to small variations as the material of evolution, and too little to greater mutations. It is true, as he says, that we do not positively know of a great many of these, but then that is exactly what might be expected. In how many cases may not mutations have taken place in the hedgeside, or in the depths of the woods, with no man to register their birth?

This criticism is in no way intended to be disparaging, but is meant as a suggestion that there are other sides to these questions which others might emphasize. Holism (from the Greek, "holos"—the whole) is the explanation which the General suggests for the cosmos as we know it. His complaint is that scientists have been too disposed to look at details—not at the tout ensemble; to examine the balance wheel and neglect the watch as a whole; and with that we may feel ourselves quite in agreement. The General is evidently much affected, as so many are today with the notion of creative evolution; though, as we have seen, he cannot fully accept the Bergsonian brand. Nor, as he tells us in a note written after his book went to press, does he find himself in complete agreement with Professor Lloyd Morgan whose book appeared after the manuscript of his work was in the printers' hands. But the general idea is similar; and holism is a tendency in the universe which presses on to the creation of greater and still greater wholes. In essence, this is the view of Lloyd Morgan and others. What exactly this tendency is, or where it comes from, is not easy to discover. It is not simple duration—on that point the writer is clear. Duration, he thinks, can create nothing until it is mixed with something else; but can its mixture with space effect anything? The subject is too complicated to discuss here and should be studied in the author's pages and in his own words. The suggestion looks as pantheistic as most of these philosophies of today are, but the General avoids all theological implications—merely hinting in one place that they are too big for science. Not that the book is in any sense materialistic for, if there is one thing clearer in it than another, it is that its author will have no traffic whatever with mechanism or atomism as a final explanation. He accepts, as everyone must, the rôle of mechanism in the world and in life, but he is most distinctly a teleologist. In fact, the book is one more item of evidence that the mechanistic theory of the last century is dead. I should like to suggest with very great respect to the distinguished author of this book that a study of scholastic philosophy, with which it is obvious that he is unacquainted, would greatly aid in clearing up some of the problems which he is attacking and would show him that some of them have been very fully discussed there, and in some cases conclusions not very different from his own have been reached.

He states: "We realize that each individual organism is a unitary system whose inmost nature is its own balanced self-maintenance and self-development as a whole. And that maintenance is the function of holism." But the statement is really a definition of the scholastic theory of the unity which Saint Thomas found in the union of the form with materia prima. In fact, time after time whilst reading this book the thought rises to the mind—that it is really matter and form that he is feeling after.

The existence of a soul is admitted but the Cartesian idea "of the anima dwelling in a corpus, one entity living in close symbiosis with another and the two profoundly influencing one another," does not commend itself to the General nor to us, for Descartes placed the soul in the pineal body as a thing apart which is very different from the close relation which soul and body possess in the scholastic idea; an explanation which again closely resembles the holistic one if we have followed the General aright.

The author declares that: "Our very conception of personality is that it is a unique creative novelty in every human being." Here again the Catholic teaching is that the soul of each man or woman is a new creation and that soul being the form of the body is certainly the dominant factor in the personality.

From the statement, "Flesh and blood may not be as important as the soul in the total human make-up, but they are essential and they bring something into the pool which is most vital and precious," the General proceeds to discuss the possibility of the existence of disembodied spirits and cites the great chapter in the First Epistle to the Corinthians. A book of Catholic teaching would show him that whilst the soul may exist as a separate entity, it will always possess an aptitude for

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the body, a craving, so to speak, which will be satisfied in the resurrection of the body which we affirm when we repeat the Creed.

A most thoughtful and interesting book is this, and one which may be commended to philosophical students as part of the "'corpus" of the theory of emergent evolution.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

*Haydn, by Michel Brenet, translated by C. Leonard Leese. London: Oxford University Press.*

TO THOSE who like their music "pure," who enjoy it most when it is divorced from literary or dramatic programs, from concert-hall exhibitionism, from made-to-order emotions, the instrumental works of Josef Haydn, his symphonies, quartets, and sonatas will always provide refreshment and nourishment. For Haydn is one of those rare musicians whose creative activity was essentially a discovery of tonal expressions for absolute ideas, for verities in themselves independent of time, space, and concreteness. In this respect he may be grouped with Bach and Brahms; he "thought in sonatas." Not that he was conscious of this quality in his composition; he could not have defined it even as crudely as I have, for he was anything but articulate in language; and his attempts to make his music represent the concrete: his imitative cuckoo-notes, torrents of tears, tempests at sea, betray a pathetic failure to grasp the real significance of his powers. Given a greater consciousness of what he was doing, he would not have wasted so much of his energy upon operas and songs, in which the adaptation of the music to the word presented problems that were really unworthy of his attention. We do not listen to The Creation, nor even to The Seasons, for their descriptive effects.

But if he was not a stormy "program-musician," of the Richard Strauss variety, he was also not a "happy, peaceful, equable master who has never felt the uncertainty of fate or the storms of passion," as the little book under review puts it. That phrase may adequately account for the placid emptiness and death of Mendelssohn's output, but not for the power of Haydn's. His life belies it: in childhood he was thrown upon the streets of Vienna, penniless and friendless; in youth he became the victim of a disastrous childless marriage; in maturity he chafed under the ignoble servitude of his master, Prince Esterhazy; in old age he complained endlessly of his prodigious and unwelcome tasks. His music belies it, for the best of it proclaims a spirit tragically rent by inner struggles which reached a peaceful end only in a mystical contemplation of Divinity.

"I rise early," he said, "and as soon as I am dressed, I kneel and pray to God and the Holy Virgin that all may go well with me again today. After a light breakfast I sit down at the keyboard and begin to seek for ideas. If I come across something at once, work goes quickly and with little trouble. But when it does not go well, I know that I have lost the heavenly favor through some sin, and I return to prayer until I feel myself forgiven." Thus he recorded only his moments of spiritual success, when the anguish with which he paid for them had been overcome. Consequently even his Masses lack the solemn bombast which immature listeners demand; and their healthiness explains the libelous opinion of him as a frivolous tinkler. To his detractors in his own day he said, "When I think of God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes gush forth as from a fountain. Since God gave me a


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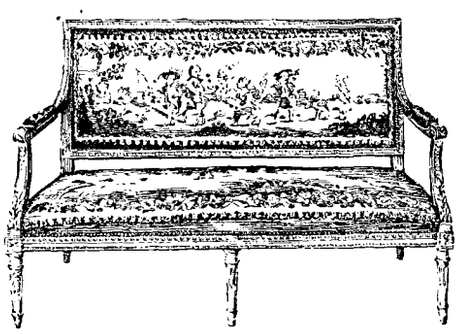

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joyful heart, He will forgive me for having served Him joyfully."

"M. Brenet," the Frenchwoman who has written the present monograph, has fallen into the prevalent error of smiling too lightly and tolerantly at Papa Haydn, but in all other respects she has done an excellent job. There exists no other brief biography as lucidly written nor as complete in its data as this one. The translation is likewise good, but Sir William Hadow's preface is chiefly concerned with the inconsequential theory that the composer borrowed some of his themes from Croatian folk-songs. Who cares? If the publication of this book can induce the public to demand a hearing of the Oxford Symphony, it will prove an encouraging sign of the times.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

*The Free-Lance Writer's Handbook, edited by William Dorsey Kennedy and Margaret Gordon. Cambridge, Massachusetts: The Writer Publishing Company. $5.00.*

LITERATURE in its first subdivision may be classified as living and dead: and the living world of script may be further divided among publishers, editors, and writers. The overwhelming majority of literary practitioners may be classified as free-lance writers, and for this ever-increasing multitude the present handbook is designed, with "the purpose of bringing the authority of specialists to bear on the practical problems of the writer over a field broad enough to present a true picture of the difficulties and opportunities of writing for publication as a vocation."

If we were asked, "What is the best training for successful authorship?" we should unhesitatingly reply: "About six months or a year's service in some editorial office, to learn that publishers and editors are human beings, not primarily commercial agents nor secondarily ogres of adamantine hearts, nor steely machines of rapine or lawlessness.

There is a chapter missing from this handbook that would give the editor's reactions to his work and throw light upon many questions that prejudice or confuse the average free-lance mind. Problems concerning the heaping up of manuscripts; the easy assurance of contributors who send heavy quantities of their works in one covering; the foolish reminders of cautious authors who write "At your usual rates" on every page; the emblazoned business-headings of syndicating ladies and gentlemen; the bad-typewriting machines of English aspirants; the flimsy stationery that calls for abbreviated postage; the conscientiously corrected sheets that are almost illegible; the village geniuses who delight in "thru" for "through" and "thot" for "thought"; the heavily scented, gilt-edged stationery of the sonnets on my dead poodle—these are some of the "don'ts" that would and should be printed in capital letters.

Nevertheless, there is much to be thankful for in Mr. Kennedy's and Miss Gordon's handbook: elucidations on the sparseness of the publisher's and editor's strong-box: we have not read of bandits, either short or bobbed-haired, breaking in upon the sanctums of our leading houses: nor of strings of real pearl or begemmed slave bracelets upon the persons of our metropolitan hack novelists: the fashionable gown photographed on our leading novelist, as often as not, belongs to her trusting sister-in-law in the films, or to some relative in the chorus engaged in butter-and-egg activities.

Art remains art and business is business, when all is said and done. There is just as definite a division as there is in the education of today—planned so rarely to make scholars and so often to put the boys on Wall Street, or, if the inevitable must happen, at the head of an advertising concern.

Breaking into Broadway, and Adapting Your Story to the Screen are chapters that will interest many readers of the handbook. There is a delightful account taken from Joseph S. C. Clarke's My Life and Memories, telling the fate of the newspaper poet at large. Humor and the sort of sentiment that goes with the rag-matting and Old Dog Tray are classified with Poetry for Children; and greeting-card verses, not to mention advertising jingles like those of Sunny Jim and Pediform Shoes, are given their proper place and emphasis in the financial schemes of the free-lance world.

One must remember that authors are authors, for the most part, really, because they are not fit for anything else. This is a rather cynical conclusion regarding the vocation of poets, novelists and special writers, after a long sequence of visits to literary clubs, gymnasiums for geniuses, and hot-houses for embryonic Americans with the antiseptic agencies of Ellis Island still upon them.

THOMAS WALSH.

*The Pacer, by Viola Paradise. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.*

*The Rebel Bird, by Diana Patrick. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.*

THOSE who have recently chosen to concern themselves over woman's conquests in the narrative field may yet console themselves that there remains in the phrase, "a woman's novel," a good share of its original implication. That this should be so need not confuse the issue behind the mastery and discernment achieved by the number of remarkable women who have been enriching recent literature, nor should the critic's line be drawn carelessly between this and the less rigidly fixed masculine attitude which the last two decades have gone to such elaborate trouble to define. The point suggested by the present two novels is that a certain psychological feature does exist and that when it is found taking certain conventional (though, of course, always interesting) form, one may for a moment indulge in outworn phraseology and see to what extent the other canons support the first undeniable impression. If it may be said truly that some novels are conceived in terms of enthusiasm, others in terms of contempt, the case is aided greatly, for Miss Paradise clearly and Miss Patrick still unmistakably convey the sense of warm emotional vigor in their writing—a vigor which is certainly not robustness but which does keep the lack of real insight and complete skill from becoming dangerously obvious.

Miss Paradise, especially, has enthusiasm and an honest conviction as to the reality of her ideas. She may have written other novels so far as the present reviewer's acquaintance goes, but if she has, she has not overcome certain definite properties of the novice, one being that her very enthusiasm has given to her story's essential dullness a clear driving force. But there is a patent ingenuousness in her selection and observation: the heroine's name is Judith Hazlitt (thus somehow starting the classroom suggestion which keeps obtruding); the orchestra plays the New World Symphony; Ibsen awakens the girl's awareness of the world; the "challenge against futility" motif is too much insisted upon; the pickle factory background tends toward absurdity; and "purple-edged clouds still held traces of one of Chicago's gorgeous sunsets." The inability to transmute these naïve elements into significant terms accounts for the confusion of what is, basically, a real idea: the heroine's belief that life's fulness is too easily realized to be interesting. The

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story's "promise" consequently eludes one, even down to the final reconciliation, and one feels that in this writer a sounder conception of experience must come before sure choice and rendering are possible.

In Miss Patrick's novel, a much more skilful hand is at work, but also an imagination which, in its romantic leanings, too much sanctions the mélange of ordinary situations and relationships which the story turns out to be. Hermione's attempt to realize for her daughter, Rosamund, a vision beyond the factory town and her husband's infidelities becomes submerged by, rather than balanced against, the necessary dramatic complement of war and complications, and the "rebel bird of love" theme must beat strong wings to bear upward, convincing and satisfying the reader.

A genuine certainty of design and execution, smoothly-carried interest, and pages of narrative beauty are here, however, and one only regrets that the motif-driven plot does not gather them into itself more definitely. In both novels, unhampered reading will not betray the discerning reader into a mistake about the viewpoints being basically uncertain, or the reasons for their somehow remaining so.

MORTON ZABEL.

*Some New Light on Chaucer, by J. M. Manly. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.*

FOR some years it has been apparent to scholars that much of the work done in the field of early English literature is in error. This apparency is fast becoming actuality as research after research brings new light to bear upon traditionalized conception with the result that many of our most cherished biographical and critical ideas must be emended, and occasionally discarded altogether. One remembers how the first few pages of Piers Plowman were rearranged with the effect that what had been considered incomprehensible mysticism became straightforward common sense; how London Lick-Penny was adjudged to be not the work of John Lydgate, but of some unknown writer; and how the long neglected works of John Gower upon examination cleared up a whole parcel of mysteries long deemed hopelessly obscure.

Nor is this suspicion limited to matters pertaining to minor writers alone; there can be little doubt that much of our information about Chaucer is far from accurate, a condition that is now engaging the thought of some of the most distinguished scholars both in England and America. Among the Americans most interested in the Chaucer material is Professor J. M. Manly of the University of Chicago, whose latest work, the publication of his lectures before the Lowell Institute of Boston in 1924 under the title, Some New Light on Chaucer, goes a long way toward correcting three wide-spread misconceptions.

The first of these is that Chaucer maintained his position at court through his connection with the royal family and because of his poetic genius. Professor Manly, by a reëxamination of the statement of Buckley as set down in Speght's edition of Chaucer's works, published in 1598, that Chaucer was of the Inner Temple, has been able to establish that the poet spent some six years in the study of law, and to conclude, therefore, that his success in the service of three kings was directly attributable to his having been trained from the beginning for exactly the sort of career we know him to have followed.

The second research concerned itself with the tradition that the Canterbury Pilgrims were drawn to represent typical English characters of the time. This investigation, conducted by

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means of hitherto undisturbed records viewed in the light of an immense erudition, proves all but conclusively that, among others, the Merchant, the Man of Lawe, the Prioress, the Shipman, and the Reeve were actual persons with whom Chaucer is shown to have had definite relations, and that the lesser figures recall facts and incidents, allusion to which was perfectly clear to the courtiers before whom the Canterbury Tales were read.

And the third inquiry was conducted in connection with the well-established belief that Chaucer wrote during the dawn of artistic consciousness, and that his art was a matter of sheer, uncultivated genius. The truth is, as Professor Manly demonstrates beyond question, that, living among men who considered their age to be as sophisticated and self-sufficing as we consider our own, Chaucer was capable of refining his gifts not only under the influence of the works of antiquity, but also under that of his contemporaries in Italy and France—and to such degree that we find him now, 500 years after his death, occupying a place which is second only to that of Shakespeare in the hierarchy of English verse.

GEORGE CARVER.

*Nineteen Modern Essays, collected by W. A. J. Archbold. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.75.*

EVEN more in the case of an anthology of essays than in the case of an anthology of prose, a reviewer must at once notice strange omissions and still stranger inclusions. And I wonder why two of the nineteen essays that W. A. J. Archbold has collected together should be by the Reverend C. A. Alington. A curious instance of infatuation! For though Mr. Alington, of whom I must confess I had not previously heard, writes gracefully and with ease, he says nothing in his essays that any of a dozen other schoolmaster-parsons of the clean and sentimentally decent cheerio type would not have uttered.

Then Mr. Archbold, having given his darling so much of his valuable space, leaves out altogether Austin Dobson, Edward Thomas, Alice Meynell, Augustine Birrell, Richard Jeffries, Francis Thompson, and Walter Pater. And I, for one, should have preferred to have seen Samuel Butler's delightfully whimsical A Mediaeval Girl's School, or Basil de Selincourt's The English Secret—certainly two of the most masterly of modern essays—in place of one or two others that do appear. And what about H. M. Tomlinson, and H. W. Nevinson, and Sir Walter Raleigh? There is no sense in raising the point in the case of American essayists, for they have all been excluded.

The writers represented here are Richard Garnett, John Galsworthy, Hilaire Belloc, Lord Acton, Max Beerbohm, H. G. Wells, Robert Louis Stevenson, Arnold Bennett, E. V. Lucas, C. A. Alington, G. Macaulay Trevelyan, W. B. Yeats, Edmund Gosse, W. R. Inge and G. K. Chesterton, several of these appearing with two essays.

What Mr. Archbold has very much to his credit is the fact that he has made his selection, within the narrow limits he has assigned himself, with independence of judgment and has avoided obvious and often-taken things. This makes his book deserve a place in any library as a supplement to more comprehensive collections of essays. Particularly I applaud his selection of Lord Acton's The Heralds of the Revolution. I have never seen it before in a book of this sort. But it should be included in every one of them, for it is a masterpiece of concentrated and well-digested scholarship.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

## BRIEFER MENTION

*Monica, or The Chronicle of Marcus, by Samuel Valentine Cole. Boston: Marshall Jones. $1.50.*

MONICA, the posthumous poem of Samuel Valentine Cole, rises to the highest level of his production. His treatment of the mother of Saint Augustine is scholarly and reverent, and the intensely human history of the love of this mother and son is handled in an able manner. No better way of showing the quality of the poem can be found than in such an extract as the following:

> "'Hast thou a mother?' Ambrose asked him once.
> 'I have,' he answered, 'and she prays o'ermuch.'
> 'Ah,' said the Bishop, 'now I understand:
> She prays for thee: that makes the devil fear.
> My son, the devil is great in argument,
> And great in quoting from the Holy Word,
> And great in manner when it serves his aim:
> A mighty gentleman the devil is:
> But little enough beside an honest life,
> And weak enough if truth strikes on his path.
> And nothing at all against a mother's prayer,
> I say he will not pluck thee from us yet.'"

*1,000 City Churches: Phases of Adaptation to Urban Environment, by H. Paul Douglass. New York: George H. Doran Company. $4.00.*

MR. DOUGLASS' volume is a statistical survey, conducted with the best modern scientific methods, of the Protestant church in the modern American city. The purpose is to reveal to what extent and in which ways the church has adapted itself to the transition from rural conditions to urban environment. By reasons of the information it offers and the conclusions at which it arrives, the book is worth the while of anybody interested in contemporary religious life. The Catholic reading it will find many opportunities for self-congratulation, but he will recognize also many problems which he shares in common with those who live and work outside his Church.

## CONTRIBUTORS

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## THE QUIET CORNER

*I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.*—C. LAMB.

Dr. Angelicus entered the library to find Euphemia crouched on all fours with a litter of newspapers spread out around her on the floor.

"What," asked the Doctor, fussily skirting the edge of the parquet, "are you doing taking up so much ground-space?"

"I'm a ground-hog; and I'm looking for my shadow," explained Euphemia.

"Well," said the Doctor ungraciously, "I hope you see it, and go back to your burrow again for six weeks. Better more winter, than a confused library like this," he grumbled.

"That makes me think of a poem," said Euphemia, as she gathered up an armful of newspapers, rose, and approached her desk, "a poem which came to the library the other day, and which should have been sent to the ground-hog himself as a plea for him to do his very best not to see his shadow."

"What is the poem called?" asked Angelicus.

"Winter," replied Euphemia, as she drew forth her lilac chintz-covered poetry folder. "Would you like to hear it?"

"I don't know," said the Doctor, as he shivered slightly and gazed disapprovingly toward the empty fireplace. "Who wrote it?"

"Miss Winnifred J. Mott, a journalist and poet of Auburn, New York," explained Euphemia.

"Oh, by all means read it," exclaimed the Doctor, beginning to murmur reminiscently, " 'Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plains.' " So Euphemia recited:

" 'Chilblains—
Frosty panes—
Driving snows and sleety rains—
Winds that slyly change our noses
Into chilly little roses.

Daylight
Short and white,
But how very long the night!
Dark at five o'clock comes creeping—
Gives you too much time for sleeping.

Ice glare—
Biting air—
Snowdrifts piling everywhere—
Shovels make but small impression
Once the snow has gained possession.

Coal bills—
Sneezing, chills—
Grippe and its attendant ills—
Bursting pipes that need a plumber—
Oh, if it were only summer!' "

"Oh, oh, if it only were!" muttered the Doctor. "I am in complete accord with Miss Mott."

"By the way, have you been to the opera lately, Doctor?" asked Euphemia, as she turned again to her newspapers.

"Well, no," admitted the Doctor. "Somehow I don't care for opera as much as I once did. Why do you ask?"

"I was wondering," replied Euphemia, "if you had noticed anything er—well, out of the traditional opera behavior going on in the diamond horseshoe?"

"Ah, there you've put your finger on the very reason why I don't go any more," yawned the Doctor. "The traditional


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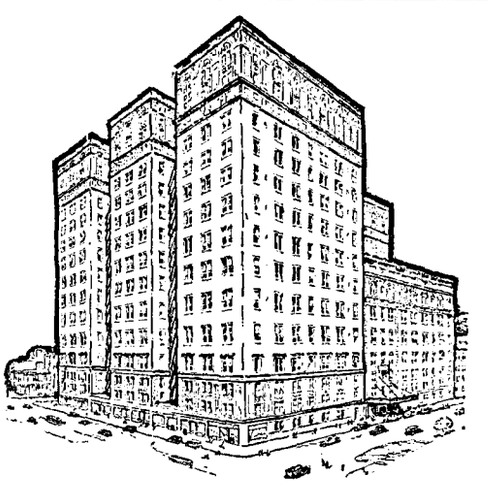

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opera behavior is always deadly dull—year in, year out, it's always the same."

"Not according to this advertisement in the New York Times," said Euphemia. "It seems decidedly to have changed."

"How?" inquired the Doctor.

For answer Euphemia read:

"'Lost: Yellow shawl, embroidered at Metropolitan Opera House Saturday evening.'"

"How delightful!" exclaimed the Doctor. "I didn't dream that modern informality had penetrated even the sacred precincts of the Metropolitan. Had I guessed that the deadly monotony of the box-holders' behavior had at last been broken down, I should have resubscribed for my seats this season."

"I suppose," remarked Euphemia, "that the invitations now read: 'Mrs. Donald Dowager requests the pleasure of your presence at dinner and the opera, on Monday evening, February the seventh. Bring your knitting. R. S. V. P.'"

"It's an excellent idea," said the Doctor, "and a very good way of passing the time during a dull aria. Besides, it brings back the homely arts—too long neglected, alas, by women for the opera itself."

"I don't see why," complained Euphemia, "you always couple the homely arts with women. It's not at all polite of you."

"I'll admit that in these days it would be more appropriate to couple them with the lively arts," replied the Doctor.

"Besides, even if they have given up sewing and cooking for opera and concert, they are now far better educated in, and more appreciative of, music," said Euphemia.

"Not if one is to believe one's ears," replied the Doctor. "At the last concert I went to, where a certain famous tenor was to sing, the lady on my right remarked earnestly, 'I do hope he'll sing the symphony'!"

"Well?" inquired Euphemia blandly.

"Back to the homely arts!" growled the Doctor in disgust.

"Speaking of homely arts," remarked Euphemia, "I received a charming letter the other day from an author, complaining of some typographical errors that had occurred in an article of his. He said they reminded him of the story about the poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox."

"Which story was that?" asked the Doctor. "There are, er—several."

"Well," explained Euphemia, "Miss Wilcox wrote a poem which contained the line, 'My soul is a lighthouse keeper.' The type-setter did not see how that could be; so he changed it, and the line appeared in print as: 'My soul is a light housekeeper.'"

"Ah!" exclaimed Angelicus, "what a type-setter! A man after my own heart. He knew these modern women. Now, when I was young, girls were so different. I cannot tell you how far more charming and bewitching they were when they gave all their time to the homely arts, and let opera and concerts and [the Doctor looked severely at Euphemia] literary work entirely alone. You would be much happier, my dear, if you occupied yourself with those graceful occupations of embroidery, darning, tatting, baking, and—"

"Brewing?" supplemented Euphemia helpfully.

"Far better," went on the Doctor, "than fiddle-faddling your time away on writing."

"It's a choice of two evils," explained Euphemia, "and everyone should be allowed to pick her own ailment."

"What do you mean?" asked the Doctor.

"Well, personally, I'd far prefer to be afflicted with writer's cramp than housemaid's knee," replied Euphemia.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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